The SATURDAY EVENING POST

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LITTLE ONE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY LE PECHEUR.

I'm thinking to-day of the joys, Little One,
When we were so happy together;
I miss you and need you so much, Little One,
This season of gloom and ill weather.

The days are so dreary and long, Little One,
The minutes go lazily past;
Your absence has weakened their wings, Little One,
They used to fly ever so fast.

I've a feeling that's almost like pain, Little One,
A tenderness here in my breast,
Just under the spot where of old, Little One,
Your dear curly head loved to rest.

Perhaps, nevermore as of yore, Little One,
Will you on my bosom recline,
And never, perhaps, will your lips, Little One,
Return the fond kisses of mine.

That night when I bade you "good-bye," Little One,
While looking down into your eyes,
I thought I should meet you no more, Little One,
This side of the blue of the skies.

I'm weary of living this life, Little One,
This endless and dreary routine,
The world is so wide I am sure, Little One,
That wonderful things may be seen.

I dreamed in my sleep in the night, Little One,
Of seeing a beautiful land;
The mountains rose up to the skies, Little One,
The woods and the waters were grand.

Perhaps it was only a dream, Little One,
A dream that will soon pass away—
But oh! for the sake of the past, Little One,
Just say you forgive me, to-day.

Remember the time when we sat, Little One,
On the fallen and moss-covered tree,
And oh! for the sake of that time, Little One,
Forgive and think kindly of me.

I've loved you so much, oh! so much, Little One,
Far more than I ever can tell;
And if I should leave you for aye, Little One,
Remember me ever—farewell!

FALSTAFF'S COWARDICE AND BOASTING.

[SEE ARTICLE ON FOURTH PAGE.]

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER VI.

LOOKING AT THE FUNERAL.

In the comfortable dining-room of Mrs. Gass, securely ensconced behind the closed blinds, drawn to day, sat that lady and a visitor. It was the day of the funeral of Edmund North; and Mrs. Gass had put on mourning out of respect to the family: a black silk gown and white net cap: it need not be said that the change from finery improved her appearance greatly: she looked, as she herself would have phrased it, genteel to-day. This was her favorite sitting-room; she rarely used any other: for one thing it gave her the opportunity of seeing the movements of her neighbors. The drawing-room faced the garden at the back: a spacious, beautiful apartment, opening to the smooth green lawn.

The visitor was Mrs. Cumberland. For once in her life Mrs. Cumberland emerged from her shell of cold indifference, and condescended to evince somewhat of the curiosity of ordinary people. She had come to Mrs. Gass's to see the funeral pass: and that lady made much of her, for their meetings were rare. Mrs. Cumberland was in black silk too: but she rarely wore anything else. The two women sat together, talking in a subdued voice of far-back times: not that they had known each other then; but each had interests in the past. Mrs. Gass was full of respect, never presuming on her elevation; though they were sisters-in-law, she did not forget that she had once been but a servant in Mrs. Cumberland's family. They had not much in common though, and the topics of conversation exhausted themselves. Mrs. Cumberland was of a silent nature, not at all given to gossip in general. She began to think the waiting long. For the convenience of two mourners, who were coming from a distance, the funeral had been put off until four o'clock.

"Holidays don't improve the working class—unless they've got the sense to use 'em as they ought," observed Mrs. Gass. "Just look at them three, ma'am. They've been at the tap—and more shame to 'em! They'd better let Mr. Richard catch his eye upon 'em. Putting theirselves into that state, when he's a-following his brother to the grave!"

She alluded to some men belonging to the Dallory Works, closed to-day. They had taken more than was seemly, and were lounging against the opposite shutters, quarrelling together. Mrs. Gass could bear it no longer; in defiance of appearances, she drew up the blind and dashed open the window.

"Be you three men not ashamed of yourselves? I thought it was you, Dawson! When there's any ill-doing going on, you be safe to be in it. As to you, Thoma, you'll not like to show your face to-morrow. Don't you come to me again, Smith, to beg grace for you of Mr. Richard North."

The men slunk away and disappeared down an entry. Mrs. Gass, in one sense of the word, was their mistress: at any rate, their master's partner. She shut the window and drew down the blind.

"Are the men paid for to-day, or do they lose it?" asked Mrs. Cumberland.

"They're paid, ma'am, of course. It would be very unjust to dock them when the holiday's none of their making. Neither Mr. Richard nor me would like to be unjust."

"And he—Richard—seems to act entirely for his father."

Mrs. Gass coughed.

"Mr. North is took up with his garden, and that; he don't care to bother his head about business. It's better in younger hands."

Another pause of silence. Mrs. Cumberland felt weary.

"Is this funeral ever coming?" she exclaimed. "There seems to be some delay."

"'Twas a late hour to fix it for, ma'am. Old Sir what's-his-name wrote word he couldn't be here afore the afternoon; so they put it off to four o'clock for his convenience."

Mrs. Cumberland looked up inquiringly. She did not understand.

"I mean young Bohun's relatives, ma'am. Madam's brother-in-law by her first husband."

"Sir Nash Bohun! Is he coming?"

"Sir Nash; that's the name," remarked Mrs. Gass. "I know when Mr. Richard said it, it put me in mind of grinding the teeth."

"What could have induced them to ask him?" wondered Mrs. Cumberland. "He is no relative."

"It sounds grand to have him, ma'am—and that's all *she* thinks of," returned Mrs. Gass, with slighting allusion to Madam. "Or may be, as it was an uncommon death, they want to make it an uncommon funeral. *I* look upon it as no better than a murder."

"It is very strange about that piece of paper," observed Mrs. Cumberland.

She lowered her voice as she spoke, as if the subject would not bear the broad light of day. Any surprise, greater than what appeared in Mrs. Gass's face at hearing it, could not well be imagined.

"Ma'am! Did he tell you of *that*?"

"Did who tell me?"

"Your son."

They looked questioningly at each other; both unconscious that they were alluding to two totally different circumstances. Cross-purposes are sometimes productive of more ill than straight ones.

It appeared that a night or two subsequent to Edmund North's death, Captain Bohun found in his own desk a sheet of folded note-paper. It contained a few words in Edmund's handwriting, not apparently addressed to anybody in particular, but to the world in general. No date was appended, but the ink looked fresh, as if it had been recently written;

"*When the end comes, make no fuss with me, but bury me quietly out of sight.—E. N.*"

Captain Bohun, not having the faintest idea of who put it in his desk, or how it came there, carried it to Richard North. Richard showed it to his father. From thence it spread to the house, and to one or two others. Opinions were divided. Mr. North thought his ill-fated son had intended to allude to his own death; that he must have felt some foreshadowing of it on his spirit. On the contrary, Arthur Bohun and Richard both thought that it was nothing more than one of his scraps of poetry: and this last idea was at length adopted. Arthur Bohun had related the circumstance to Mrs. Cumberland, and it was *this* she meant to speak of to Mrs. Gass. Mrs. Gass, who knew nothing of it, thought, and quite naturally, that she spoke of the piece of paper found on her carpet.

"Of course it *might* have been nothing more than some ideas he had dotted down, poor fellow, connected with his nonsensical poetry," slightingly observed Mrs. Cumberland, who was the first to resume speech: "Richard North and Captain Bohun fully hold to that opinion. I don't. It may be that I am inclined to look always on the sombre side of life; but I can only think he was alluding to his own death."

"'Twere odd sort of poetry," cried Mrs. Gass, after a pause and a stare.

"The only curious part about it to my mind is, that it should have been found in Arthur Bohun's desk," pursued Mrs. Cumberland, the two being delightfully unconscious still that they were at cross-purposes. "He says he has not left his desk unlocked at all, that he is aware of—but of course he might have done so. Why Edmund North should have chosen to put it in there is a mystery."

"What has Captain Bohun's desk got to do with it?" inquired Mrs. Gass, beginning to feel a little at sea.

"The paper was found in Captain Bohun's desk. Though why Edmund North should have hidden it there remains a mystery."

"Ma'am, whoever told you that, must have been just trying to deceive you. It was found on this carpet."

"Found on this carpet!"

"On this very blessed carpet that we've each got our feet on, ma'am. Right back again the claw of that there centre dining-table."

Again they gazed at each other. Mrs. Cumberland thought her friend must be dreaming.

"But you are quite mistaken, Mrs. Gass. The paper—note, or whatever it was—could not have been on this carpet at all; not in your house, in fact. Captain Bohun discovered it in his desk three days ago, and he has not the slightest notion of how it came there. Mr. North took possession of it, and has never let it go out of his hands since."

"My dear lady, they have been a-mystifying of you," cried Mrs. Gass. "Seeing's believing. The paper was first found by me. By me, ma'am, on this here carpet, and it was the same night that Edmund North was first took; not an hour after the fit."

Mrs. Cumberland made no reply. She was drifting into the conclusion that she had not yet had all the circumstances related to her.

"I picked the paper up myself," continued Mrs. Gass, anxious for the truth, as straightforward people are apt to be. "I kept it safe here for a day and a night, ma'am, waiting to give it back to your son: what I thought was that he had dropped it out of his pocket-book. I never spoke of it to a single soul, and as soon as I had the opportunity gave it up to him. If it was found in Captain Bohun's desk afterward's, why—Dr. Rane, or somebody else, must have put it there. Ma'am, if, as I conclude, you've heard about the paper from your son, I wonder he did not tell you this."

"What paper was this?" inquired Mrs. Cumberland, a dim notion arising that they could not be talking of the same thing.

"It were the copy of that anonymous letter."

"The copy of the anonymous letter."

"Leastways, its skeleton."

Rapidly enough came the elucidation now. Without in the least intending to break faith with Dr. Rane, or with her own resolution to hold the matter secret, Mrs. Gass told all she knew, with one exception. Led on by the miserable, but very natural misapprehension—that Mrs. Cumberland was a depository of the secret as well as herself—she spoke, and had not the least idea that she was betraying trust. That exception was the hinted suspicion that Madam might have been the writer. Mrs. Cumberland sat listening, still as a statue.

"And you thought that—this rough copy of the letter—it was Oliver who dropped it?" she exclaimed at length, moved out of her usual apathetic calmness.

"What else could I think?" debated Mrs. Gass. "Dr. Rane had let fall some papers from his pocket-book five minutes before, I picked this up as soon as he had gone. I'm sure I never so much as gave a thought to Molly Green—though she had come straight from the Hall. Dr. Rane said it might have dropped from her petticoats: but it was a puzzle to me how; and it's a puzzle still."

A keen, inquiring sort of glance shot from the speaker's eyes with the last words. It was but momentary and not intentional: nevertheless something in it caused Mrs. Cumberland's heart to quail. A cold hue spread over her gray face; a cold shade of recollection deadened her heart. Captain Bohun had told her of Mr. Axexander's theory—that the letter was written to damage *him*.

"I am sorry I spoke of this, ma'am," struck in Mrs. Gass. "More particular that it should have been you: you'll naturally tell Dr. Rane, and he *will* say I know how to keep secrets—just about as the jackdaws keep theirs. It was your telling of the other paper that misled me."

"I am quite safe," answered Mrs. Cumberland, with a sickly smile. "The matter's nothing to me, that I should get speaking of it again."

"Of course it's not, ma'am. After all—Halloa! here it comes!"

This sudden break was caused by an interrupting sound: the roll of a muffled drum, first advent of the advancing funeral procession. Edmund North had belonged to a local military corps, and was to be attended to the grave with honors. Mrs. Gass drew up the white blind an inch above the short venetian one, which enabled them to look out unseen. The road suddenly became lined with spectators; men, women and children collecting one hardly knew from whence.

The band came first—their instruments in rest; then the muffled drum, on which its bearer struck a note now and again. The hearse and three mourning coaches followed, some private carriages, and the soldiers on foot. And that was all: except a straggling tail of spectators in the rear, with Hepburn the undertaker and his men on either side the black coaches. The hearse was exactly opposite Mrs. Cumberland when the band struck up the Dead March in Saul. Suddenly to her memory flashed a recollection of the morning, but a very few days ago, when Ellen Adair had been playing the same dirge, and it had seemed to grate on Oliver's ear. Her eyes fixed themselves on the hearse as it passed, and she saw in mental vision the cold corpse lying within. In another moment, the music, her son, the dead, and the fatal letter, all seemed to be jumbling together in confusion in her brain: and Mrs. Cumberland sat down white and faint, and three parts senseless. The lady of the house, her eyes glued to the strip of open window, made her comments and suspected nothing.

"Mr. North in the first coach with his white handkecher held to his nose. And well he may hold it, poor berefted gentleman! There's Mr. Richard sitting by the side of him. Captain Bohun's on the opposite seat: and—who's the other? Why! it's the young one, Sidney North. Then they've sent for him from college, or wherever it is he stays at: Madam's doings, I'll lay. What a little whipper-snapper of a fellow it is!—like nobody but himself. He'll never be half the man his step-brothers be."

Mrs. Gass's tongue ceased with the passing of the coach. In her plentitude of curiosity she did not observe that she had no response. The second coach came in sight, and she began again.

"An old gent, upright as a dart, with snow-white hair and them features called aquiline! It's a handsome face, if ever I saw one; his eyes be as blue and as fine as Captain Bohun's. There's a likeness between 'em. It must be his uncle, Sir Nash. A young man sits next him with a white, unhealthy face; an the other two—why, if I don't believe it's the young Dallorys!"

There was no answering comment. Mrs. Gass turned round to see the reason. Her visitor was sitting back in a chair, an awfully gray shade upon her lips and face.

"My patience! Don't you feel well, ma'am?"

"I am a little tired, thank you," replied Mrs. Cumberland, smiling languidly as she roused herself. "Looking out at passing things always fatigues me."

"Now don't you stir, ma'am; I'll tell it off to you," came the rejoinder, spoken with warm sympathy. "There's only one coach more. And that have got but two inside of it—which is the doctors from Whitborough," added Mrs. Gass; who in moments of unwonted excitement, whether of pleasure or pain, was apt to be signally oblivious of the courtesies of life, as conveyed in correct syntax. "I wonder they didn't invite Mr. Oliver—the first called in to the poor young man—and Alexander. Not thought good enough by Madam, perhaps, to be mixed with all these here dons."

She looked after the swiftly passing pageantry with lingering admiration. Mrs. Cumberland sat still in the chair and closed her eyes, as if all interest in the funeral—and in life too, for the matter of that—had passed away.

The procession wound along: through the long straggling village street, past the Dallory Works (a mass of buildings that lay on the left), and so to the church. It was the only church in the parish, inconveniently far for some of the inhabitants. Dallory Ham spoke about building one for itself;

but that honor had not been attained to yet. In a corner of the large churchyard lay Mrs. North, Mr. North's first wife and Edmund's mother. The new grave was dug by her side.

Amidst the spectators, numbers of whom had collected in the burial ground, stood Jelly. Very much no doubt to the astonishment of her mistress, had she seen her. To peep surreptitiously from behind blinds, was one thing; but to stand openly staring in the churchyard, was another; and Mrs. Cumberland would assuredly have ordered her away. Jelly had come to it with a cousin of hers, Susan Ketler, the wife of the sick man who was being attended by Dr. Rane. Jelly had curiosity enough for ten ordinary women—which is saying a great deal—and would not have missed the sight for the world.

It was soon over: our burial service is not a long one: and the coaches and mourners moved away again, leaving the field in possession of the mob. There ensued a rush to get a view of the coffin, as yet scarcely sprinkled with earth. Jelly and her friend got close, and the former read the inscription.

"Edmund, son of John North and of Mary his first wife. Died May 3rd, 18—."

"I should not have put 'died,' but 'murdered,' if it was me had the writing of it," spoke Mrs. Ketler.

"And so should I, Susan," significantly replied Jelly. "Here! let's get out of this throng."

Jelly, in her loftiness of stature and opinion, was above the throng literally and figuratively; but it was dense and troublesome. Neither death nor funeral had been of an ordinary description; and others besides the great unwashed were crowding there. The two women elbowed their way out, and passed back along the broad highway to Ketler's house in Dallory. He was one of the best of the North workmen, earning good wages; and the family lived in comfort.

Ketler was in the parlor, sitting up for the first time. Under Dr. Rane's skillful treatment, he was getting better rapidly. A little one sat on his knee, held by his able arm; the rest were around. The children had wanted (as a matter of course) to go out and see the funeral. "No," said their father; "they might get playing, and that would be unseemly." He was a short, dark, honest-looking man; a good husband and father. Jelly sat talking for a short while, and then rose to leave.

But she was not allowed to go. To let her depart at that hour of the afternoon without first partaking of tea, would have been a breach in the obligations of hospitality that the well-to-do work-people of Dallory never wished to hear of. Jelly, all too easily persuaded where sociability was concerned, took off her bonnet to be comfortable, and the tray was brought in.

Cups of beer induce men to a long sitting; cups of tea, women. Jelly (who drank four) sat on, oblivious of the lapse of time. The chief topic of conversation was the anonymous letter. Jelly found that the prevailing belief here was, that it had been written by a clerk named Wilks, of somewhat loose habits, who was in the office of Dale, the lawyer, and might have become cognizant of the transaction between his master, Mr. Alexander, and Edmund North.

"Who told you that, Ketler?" sharply demanded Jelly, after a pause, fixing her indignant eyes on the man.

"I can't rightly say who told me," replied Ketler; "it's the talk of the place. Wilks, he denies it out and out; but when he's in his evening cups—and that's not seldom—he does things that next morning he has no recollection of. Dr. Rane laughed at me, though, for saying so: a lawyer knows better than to let private matters get out to his clerks, says the Doctor. But he don't know that Tim Wilks as some of us do."

"Well, I would not say too much about its being Tim Wilks if I were you, Ketler," cried Jelly in suppressed wrath, brushing the crumbs off her black gown. "You might find yourself in hot water."

Jelly tore herself away at last, very unwillingly: gossip and tea-drinking formed her idea of an earthly paradise. Night was setting in; a light, beautiful night, the moon sailing majestically in the sky.

Just past the gates of Dallory Hall, in a bend of the road where the overhanging trees on either side gave it a lonely appearance at night (and by day too, for that matter,) no dwelling of any sort being within view or hail, stood a bench on the side path. It was a welcome resting place to tired wayfarers; it was no less welcome to wandering lovers in their evening rambles. As Jelly went scattering on, a faint sound of voice broke upon her ear from this spot, and she stilled her steps instinctively. The chance of pouncing unexpectedly upon a pair, exchanging soft vows, was perfectly delightful to Jelly; especially if it should happen to be a pair who had no business to exchange them.

Stealing softly along on the side grass, went she, until she came to the turn, and then she looked cautiously round. The bushes projected there and favored her. To do Jelly justice, it must be affirmed that she had neither malice nor ill-will in her nature; rather the contrary; but a little innocent prying into her neighbors' affairs presented an irresistible temptation. What, then, was her astonishment to see—not a dying swain and his mistress, side by side; but her own mistress, Mrs. Cumberland, seated on the bench in an agony of grief, and Dr. Rane standing with folded arms before her.

Jelly, great at divining probabilities, comprehended the situation easily. Her mistress must have stayed to take tea with Mrs. Gass, and encountered her son in walking home.

To come down upon lovers with startling reprimand was one thing; to burst upon her mistress and Dr. Rane would be quite different. Jelly wished she had not gone stealing up like a mouse, and felt inclined to steal back again.

But the attitude and appearance of Mrs. Cumberland rivited her to the spot. Her face, never so gray as now, as seen in the moonlight, dim here was raised to her son's, its expression one yearning agony; her hands were lifted as if implering some boon, or warding off some fear. Jelly's eyes opened to their utmost width, and in her astonishment she did not catch the purport of a few low-spoken words.

"I tell you, you are mistaken, mother," said Dr. Rane, in answer, *his* voice ringing out clear enough in the still night; though it nevertheless had a hushed tone. "Is it probable? Is it likely? *I* drop the copy of the letter out of my pocket-book! What next will you suppose me capable of?"

"But—Oliver"—and the voice was raised a little—"how else could it have come upon her carpet?"

"I have my theory about that," he rejoined, with decision. "Mother, come to your home: I'll tell you more then. Is this a fitting time or place to have thus attacked me?"

Air, voice, action, were alike sharp with authority, as he bent and took her hand. Mrs. Cumberland, saying some words of "having been surprised into speaking," rose from the bench. Jelly watched them along the road; and then sat down on the bench herself to recover her astonishment.

"What on earth does it mean?"

Ah, what did it mean? Jelly was pretty sharp, but she was afraid to give her thoughts their full range. Other steps grew on her ear. They turned out to be those of Mr. Alexander.

"Is it you, Jelly! Waiting for your sweetheart?"

Jelly rose. "Standing about to look at funerals, and such things, tires one worse than a ten-mile run."

"Then why do you do it?"

"One fool makes many," returned Jelly with composure. "Sir, I'd like to know who wrote that letter."

"It strikes me the letter was written by a woman."

"A woman!" echoed Jelly with a shriek of genuine surprise. "Good gracious, Mr. Alexander!"

"They are so sharp upon us at times, are women," he continued smiling. "Men don't attack one another."

"And what woman do you suspect, sir?" cried Jelly, in her insatiable curiosity.

"Ah, there's the rub. I have been speaking of women in general, you see. Perhaps it was you?"

"*Me!*" exclaimed Jelly.

Mr. Alexander laughed. "I was only joking, Jelly. Good-night."

But Jelly, sharp Jelly, rather thought he had not been joking, and that the suspicion had slipped out inadvertently. When she got home, Mrs. Cumberland was seated by the drawing-room fire, her face calm and still as usual, listening to the low sweet singing of Ellen Adair.

And Oliver Rane had passed in to his own house with his weight of many cares. Half wishing that he could exchange places with Edmund North in Dallory churchyard.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—In order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We commenced in THE POST of May 21st Mrs. Henry Wood's new story.

It is entitled

BESSY RANE;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c., &c.

We think our readers will find BESSY RANE as powerfully written and deeply interesting as "George Canterbury's Will."

The commencement of "Bessy Rane" is an excellent time to commence new subscriptions to THE POST. Our readers will oblige us by suggesting this to their neighbors and friends.

TAXATION.

We are pleased to see that a bill has passed the House of Representatives which, it is claimed, will reduce the taxes about $60,000,000. The bill is complicated, and doubtless open to many objections, but anything to reduce the taxes.

But as there is a yearly surplus of about $120,000,000, there is room for a reduction of just $60,000,000 more. We hope the Senate therefore will strike off the $9,000,000 Income Tax (which it is said costs $6,000,000 to collect) and about $50,000,000 in other articles.

We are fully convinced that there is no possible mode to have an economical administration of our affairs, either in the States or the United States, than to keep the taxation down, and just as little money in the Treasury as possible. It is the only way—for if the money is there, it will be squandered or stolen.

The people must say to their Representatives as the deacon said to the new minister, "The Lord keep you humble, and we will keep you poor."

DISRAELI AND GOLDWIN SMITH.

In his new novel "Lothair," Disraeli thus alludes to an Oxford Professor:—

The Oxford professor, who was the guest of the American Colonel, was quite a young man, of advanced opinions on all subjects, religious, social and political. He was clever, extremely well-informed, so far as books can make a man knowing, but unable to profit even by his limited experience of life from a restless vanity and overflowing conceit, which prevented him from ever observing or thinking of anything but himself. He was gifted with a great command of words, which took the form of endless exposition, varied by sarcasm and passages of ornate jargon. He was the last person one would have expected to recognise in an Oxford professor; but we live in times of transition.

A Parisian man of science, who had passed his life in alternately fighting at barricades and discovering planets, had given Colonel Campion, who had lived much in the French capital, a letter of introduction to the Professor, whose invectives against the principles of English society were hailed by foreigners as representative of the sentiments of venerable Oxford. The Professor, who was not satisfied with his home career, and, like many men of his order of mind, had dreams of wild vanity which the New World, they think, can alone realize, was very glad to make the Colonel's acquaintance, which might facilitate his future movements. So he had lionized the distinguished visitors during the last few days over the University, and had availed himself of plenteous opportunities for exhibiting to them his celebrated powers of exposition, his talent for sarcasm, which he deemed peerless, and several highly-finished, picturesque passages, which were introduced with extemporary art.

The Professor was very much surprised when he saw Lothair enter the saloon at the hotel. He was the last person in Oxford whom he expected to encounter. Like sedentary men of extreme opinions, he was a social parasite, and instead of indulging in his usual invectives against peers and princes, finding himself unexpectedly about to dine with one of that class, he was content only to dazzle and amuse him.

Relative to the above, Professor Goldwin Smith publishes the following letter:—

May 25, 1870.

The Right Hon. B. Disraeli—

Sir: In your "Lothair" you introduce an Oxford Professor who is about to emigrate to America, and you describe him as a "social parasite."

You well know that if you had ventured openly to accuse me of any social baseness, you would have had to answer for your words.

But when, sheltering yourself under the literary forms of a work of fiction, you seek to traduce with impunity the social character of a political opponent, your expressions can touch no man's honor—they are the stingless insults of a coward.

Your obedient servant,
GOLDWIN SMITH.

Really it seems to us that if Mr. Disraeli did mean to portray Professor Smith, the latter should not have played into his hands by writing the above letter. It is, of course, very annoying to be held up to public view as a "social parasite," but as the author did not name the Professor, it would have been wiser not to have taken any notice of the satire.

How apt men are to overrate the effect of such attacks upon them. We do not believe that Disraeli's words would have hurt Professor Smith to any dangerous extent. Certainly not one-fourth as much as his own foolish note will hurt him. For it is what a man says and does himself, not what other people say and do, which affects his reputation the most—his own acknowledged words and acts, not those of his slanderers and enemies.

Professor Smith should have borne in mind the outrageous calumnies that are constantly written and uttered against all prominent men, and, among his friends, made a joke of the matter. Or, if he must do something to appease his ire, he might have criticised "Lothair," and according to the manner of many critics now-a-days, depicted Disraeli's life, from his birth to the present time, with all that "great command of words, varied by sarcasm" and appropriate (as he might think) "passages of ornate jargon," for which the novelist gives him credit.

Still better would it have been however not to have taken any notice at all of the charge of being a "social parasite," and, if he had occasion to review Lothair, do it just as fairly as if he had no private grievance. But this perhaps is a point of magnanimity too high to be expected of any but the most exalted characters.

ANCIENT TROY.

A German archæologist engaged in exploring the extensive plain on the coast of Asia Minor, believed to have been the site of ancient Troy, claims to have discovered the remains of a massive wall, about eight feet thick. The excavations are extensive, and the explorer says that the ruins are the remains of the palace of Priam.

Mr. Grote, in his History of Greece, considers it a doubtful matter whether the siege of Troy ever actually occurred. He does not positively assert that it did not occur, but only that there is no sufficient historical proof of the fact. Now if the German savant above alluded to, can only find the walls of Troy, the ruins of the palace of Priam, and the petrified remains of the wooden horse, it will be a great satisfaction to the lovers of poetry and of the marvellous. They then will be able to snap their fingers, and say they do not care a groat for Grote.

☞ If the people go on electing such mean men to Congress, we shall soon be obliged to abbreviate the House of Representatives, instead of The House of Reps., The House of Rips.

THE FASHIONS.

An English correspondent says:—"Three styles of dress are prepared by the noted modistes of Paris; the first, in exquisite taste, for French ladies, who will not wear anything that does not become them; the second, for Americans, a showy, extremely costly style; and a third, a mixture of both the first and second styles, for English ladies, who, they say, will wear anything bought in Paris."

The above is very doubtful. The Paris fashions are conveyed to the ladies of this country by means of the ladies' magazines. These derive their information from the leading French periodicals of the same kind, reproducing the Paris styles, illustrated by engravings, as early as they possibly can. Of course there are various styles, and the American editors choose from these styles such as they consider to be the most refined and elegant.

Therefore the statement in the above that fashions "in a showy and extremely costly style," but inferentially not "in exquisite taste," are prepared expressly for the American market, is incorrect. At least, if such styles be prepared, our ladies do not avail themselves of them.

The effort of the editress of "THE LADY'S FRIEND," for instance, always is to select from the numerous Paris styles which she constantly receives, the most tasteful and elegant. Even these are not designed so much for mere slavish imitation, as to show American ladies what the best Paris fashions are, in order that they may copy them, or obtain suggestions from them, as they may think best.

It has been alleged by an intelligent foreign traveller, that there is no country in the world where the women are uniformly so well and prettily-dressed—in spite of the occasional follies of fashion—as in the United States. And the reason of this probably is the large circulation of magazines such as "THE LADY'S FRIEND," "GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK," &c.

That class of small and narrow critics who habitually disparage "the fashion-plate magazines," should bear this fact in mind. These fashion-plates are copies from the French, and are designed by very accomplished artists, such as Compte-Calix, &c. They often are admirably drawn, the proportions of a fine figure, even as to the waist, being correctly given, and the whole plate being graceful and elegant. As to the literary contents of these "fashion-plate magazines," it is enough to say that they are continually reappearing in the best American journals. Stories from "THE LADY'S FRIEND," for instance, have been republished within the last year or so, in four of the leading Boston and New York weeklies—not copied, of course, directly from and fairly credited to that magazine, but copied from an English periodical that had availed itself of them, and selected of course in preference to the best English stories.

THE CURCULIO.

Mr. W. B. Ransom, of St. Joseph, Michigan, claims to have at last discovered an effective mode of destroying the Curculio. The mode is simply this:

Put the orchard in the best order; level down the soil about the root of every peach tree, and smooth a circle for a diameter of two and a half feet from the tree as a centre. Have the ground very clean around the base of the tree. Do not leave a single hole next the tree. Leave no place where the curculio can hide except under the shelter you provide. Now lay close to the tree and close to the ground, about four pieces to a tree, either chip, or bark, or board, or lath, or rag, or corn-cob, or old leather, or anything for a covert.

The curculio will conceal itself under this shelter and may be destroyed by the thousands. Go around every day and turn over each chip, and kill every curculio. They will generally adhere to the chip, but may often be found on the ground under the chip.

Some idea of the quantity to be taken from a single tree, may be found from the following:—Mr. Ransom states that on the 14th he took 25: on the 15th, in the morning, 50; in the evening, about sundown, 15; and on the 16th 60 were killed from the same tree, and of these 41 were taken in a cluster under a chip two by three inches.

The editor of the Herald visited Mr. Ransom at 1½ o'clock P. M., and found he had in about four hours killed 2,100, by actual count, and went himself into the orchard and found curculio lying asleep under the traps in the intense heat of a boiling sun.

The Secretary of the St. Joseph Fruit Growers' Association is so elated with this discovery, and so satisfied with its effectiveness, that he asserts that, "with united action, 500,000 curculio may be killed in a single day!"

Up then and arouse, all ye fruit growers! Let death to the Curculio be the cry. Scatter chips, and spare not. Curculio, you are doomed. Too long have you plagued the nation, and devoured our peaches and our plums. Prepare now to be exterminated. "A vermilion edict," as our Chinese friends say.

In San Joaquin Valley, California, butter is made by placing the cream in a thick linen sack, and burying the parcel over night. The sands absorb the water, and by morning the butter is fresh and elegant.

What a splendid invention the above is. Those of our readers who have to tug at the churn, will be disposed to give it a trial—for, if it will work in the sands of California, why not in the sands here. We should not advise any one to try the experiment upon a very large quantity of cream at first, however. We doubt that our sand is of that quality that churns are made of.

FRANKLIN.

Some "hoary-headed miscreant" in England, told Hawthorne that the reason Franklin appeared in a plain suit of clothes at the Court of France, was because the tailor disappointed him as to his Court suit. And Hawthorne, instead of crushing the "ruthless insulter" on the spot, set it down in his note-book. Hawthorne, of course, like all the Bostonese, could not forgive Franklin for running away from Boston as soon as his massive intellect began to develop. Franklin could not help being born in Boston, but he could and did help living there. A fondness for baked beans, however, always clung to him to the last hour of his life—he knew it was a weakness, and regretted it, but it was his mother's fault, not his, and so we should not be too hard upon him for it. His maligners have told a similar story about his wig that they now tell about his clothes; the wig was finished however, but it was too small for his head, and so he went to Court without it, and fascinated the ladies, as he would have done, wig or no wig. If they had not told the story about the wig, we might have believed this last one about the clothes. As it is, we believe neither.

Franklin was a Philadelphian. He wished to be born in Philadelphia, away from crooked and puritan Boston, but his parents would not agree to it. But Philadelphia was the birthplace of his youth, his intellect and his heart. He was a Quaker in nearly all his views, especially his religious ones. In this city he found a congenial home, founded a library, and established the first magnetic telegraph with the celestial regions. Werter saw Charlotte cutting bread and butter, and was captivated; a young lady saw Franklin eating his loaf of bread in the streets of Philadelphia, and was smitten to the heart. Franklin, whether in a wig or without a wig, in a plain dress or a Court suit, always was the admiration of woman-kind. He was a Philosopher in the head, but always a Lover in the heart. Ye foolish Bostonese, let him rest in peace.

INDIAN WARS.

The Indian war in 1865, is said to have cost $30,000,000. About 8,000 troops were engaged in it, and they succeeded in killing about twenty or thirty Indians. This war is said to have commenced in a dispute between a ranchman and an Indian about some lost stock, and it was never clearly ascertained that the ranchman had actually lost any stock. But still it did service as a very good excuse for a war.

But who wanted war? A good many people. Some wanted to dispossess the Indians of their lands, others to have $30,000,000 spent where they could get the handling of it. This last is a fertile source of Indian wars.

If thirty Indians were killed at an expense of $30,000,000, it cost just $1,000,000 to kill one Indian. This is the reason that wise men have said it would be better to maintain all the Indians in first-class hotels all their lives, than pay the cost of exterminating them.

But of course those who are in a position to profit by such large expenditures will differ from this view—they would rather Uncle Sam should go on killing Indians at $1,000,000 a head. The country generally, however, is tired of such expensive folly. For it all means taxation—and we are already taxed nearly to death.

Death of Charles Dickens.

Charles Dickens died at his residence at Gadshill, England, on Thursday, the 9th inst., from paralysis.

Mr. Dickens was at dinner on Wednesday, when he was seized with paralysis. Dr. Steel, who was for many years the family physician of Mr. Dickens, was immediately called in, and remained till nearly midnight. The condition of the patient becoming worse and worse, it was deemed advisable to summon physicians from London. Telegrams were promptly despatched, and several London physicians arrived at Gadshill.

A consultation was held, and the case at once pronounced hopeless. The patient sank gradually, and died at fifteen minutes past 6 o'clock on Thursday evening—having been in a stupor from the very first of the attack.

Mr. Dickens had been ill for several days, but not seriously. He had even visited Rochester and other points during the week.

So passes away suddenly, and in the midst of his literary labors, perhaps the ablest novelist the world has seen since Walter Scott.

Mr. Dickens was born Feb. 7, 1812, and was thus rather over 58 years of age at the time of his death. While the suddenness of his departure, affording him no opportunity even to say farewell to his children, would seem to be a matter of regret, yet even this has its compensation in the sparing of pain and anguish.

"LOTHAIR."

THE monthly magazines of all parties denounce Disraeli's "Lothair" as immoral, shallow and snobbish.

The above recently appeared among the European telegrams of the Associated Press. To think of taking the trouble of sending such unimportant news nearly 8,000 miles through an ocean telegraph!

We doubt the statement also. For to call "Lothair" "immoral" is ridiculous; to call it "shallow," as compared with other novels, is simply stupid; and to call it "snobbish"—why only a "snob," we think, would think of that. "Lothair" is really a very bright, sparkling, suggestive and interesting book. If three-fourths of the novels published were one-fourth as good, it would not be such a bore to read them.

AN OLD FABLE.

The Internal Revenue Department has been draining our life blood this month at an average of over a million of dollars a day.

There was once, as Æsop says, a man who had a goose that laid every day a golden egg. But the man was not satisfied, and thought he would kill the goose, and get in this way a great many golden eggs all at one time. But lo! when the goose was killed, no golden eggs were found inside it—and of course the poor animal could lay no more eggs.

Will not some one present the Secretary of the Treasury with a copy of Æsop's Fables?

CHOCOLATE.—Charles Kingsley, in a recent letter from the Tropics, gives the following amusing instance of the preference for a foreign over a domestic production:—

An adventurous German thought that he could make chocolate in Trinidad just as well as in Paris. And (so goes the story) he succeeded. But the fair Creoles would not buy it. It could not be good—it could not be the real article, unless it had crossed the Atlantic twice to and from that centre of fashion, Paris. So the manufacture, which might have added greatly to the wealth of Trinidad, was given up, and the ladies of the island eat nought but French chocolate, costing (it is said) nearly four times as much as home-made chocolate need cost.

The ladies of Trinidad are not the only ladies in the world who value a thing just because it comes from Paris.

☞ The *New York World* approvingly quotes Lord Clarendon as saying to a committee of the British Parliament, that he "would never hesitate to go out of the service to appoint any man whom he thought particularly qualified to fill any post for which he thought him fit."

We also approve the sentiment of the noble lord—more than we approve the language which he uses to convey it. But either the *World* or Lord Clarendon is blessed with entirely too redundant a style.

☞ Why is it good policy to get married, now-a-days?

Because one can hardly fail to marry a great hairess.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

QUEEN HORTENSE. A Life Picture of the Napoleonic Era. An Historical Novel. By L. MUHLBACH, author of "Prince Eugene and his Times," "Joseph II. and his Court," etc., etc. Translated from the German by Chapman Coleman. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

HOME SCENES AND HEART STUDIES. By GRACE AGUILAR, author of "The Women of Israel," "The Mother's Recompense," etc., etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE JUNO STORIES. By JACOB ABBOTT, author of "The Franconia Stories," "The Rollo Books," "The Young Christian Series," etc. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. We have two volumes of Stories here, beautifully bound, the first called "Juno and Georgie," the second "Mary Osborne." They are by Jacob Abbott, whose stories for children have become quite celebrated, and their religious bearing, as well as their instructive and interesting lessons, will recommend them to many parents.

LIFE AT HOME; or, The Family and its Members. By WM. ARMAN, D. D. Published by Samuel R. Wells, No. 389 Broadway, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

LIFE OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE. Wife of Napoleon I. Published by Porter & Coates, 822 Chestnut St., Philada.

PEACH CULTURE. By JAMES ALEXANDER FULTON, Dover, Delaware. Illustrated. Published by Orange Judd & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

GOOD WORDS. The June number contains "Fernyhurst Court," "Letters from the Tropics," by Rev. C. KINGSLEY, "The Thieves' Quarter," &c. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. The June number has been received from the publishers. It contains "The Status and Prospects of the Negro," "Morna Elverly," &c. Published by "The Nineteenth Century Company," Charleston, S. C.

☞ Whittemore, who resigned from Congress to avoid expulsion, has been elected again by his negro constituents by about 8,000 majority. The vote as compared with that of 1868, when he was first elected, is extremely light, only one-half the black vote and one-fifth the white vote being polled.

☞ A lady in Indiana stabbed a lawyer at a dinner table because he had used offensive language to her while she was on the witness stand a few hours before. Of course the lady's act was an offence against law and order, but where is the law to punish an attorney for cowardly brutality employed to men and women who are unfortunate enough to be called as witnesses in a court of justice?

☞ Alexander H. Stephens, in the second volume of his work on the war, says he was in favor of sending the Andersonville prisoners home without an exchange, after duly impressing them with the fact that the South was not fighting against the Union, but for the principles on which the Union was based! He was also in favor of abandoning Richmond, but Jeff. Davis thought that would be a virtual abandonment of the war.

☞ In his novel of "Lothair," Disraeli makes one of their fellow conspirators say of the Fenians: "No real business in them. Their treason is a fairy tale, and their sedition a child talking in its sleep."

☞ Here are some French definitions: Miser—a philanthropist, who, knowing money to be the root of all evil, sacrifices himself for the good of his neighbor. Love—the reason of the passions. Chess—a humane substitute for hard labor. Poetry—whipped prose. Inconstancy—the other party's fault.

☞ The latest title for the Indians at Washington is "Eminent American Scalpists."

Are You Sure You are Right?

Or, the Piece of Money from India.

One day a large number of guests sat at the dinner-table of the principal hotel in Dresden, the beautiful capital of Saxony. Foreigners and native Germans sat side by side, eating, talking, and apparently having a very good time. Suddenly a young merchant, who had travelled through India, attracted the attention of everybody by holding up a peculiar piece of gold money, which he had brought with him from that country. The coin was eight-cornered, and had very strange figures on both sides of it. The people around the table were greatly surprised to see such a beautiful and queer piece of money, and it is no wonder that they admired it.

The gentleman owning it let it pass around the table, and a good many remarks were made about how such a queer piece of money could have been prepared. Finally it reached the hands of a gentleman sitting at the end of the table, who was apparently an officer of high rank, and who had been so intent upon conversation with his neighbor that he was really the only one in the company who had not paid much attention to the curious coin. He looked at it a moment, noticed the figures with some indifference, and then laid it down on the table, saying, "Oh! I know that piece of money already; I have seen one before," and continued his conversation.

Shortly afterward the people began to talk about other things, and the piece of money was apparently forgotten. As the dinner, which lasted a good while, drew to a close, the young merchant who owned the money looked around upon the guests, and said:

"Will the gentleman to whom my piece of money was handed last be kind enough to give it to me again, for I have not yet received it?"

The people were greatly astonished at this remark, and wondered that he had not received the money again. Every one declared that he had passed it on to the one sitting next to him, but nobody seemed able to tell what had became of it. The company were in great surprise at the thought that a thief could possibly be in the number, and yet it did seem that somebody had taken the gold coin. Finally, when the money could not be found, an old gentleman arose and said in a loud voice:

"Gentlemen, since every one of you says that he has not the piece of money, and since all of us in this dining-room are responsible for it, I propose to you that each one have his pockets searched by the landlord, and I am willing that mine should be searched first. The landlord and I will take our position at the door, and I propose that nobody leave the hall without the landlord examining his pockets. In fact, there is nothing else that we can do, if we want to save ourselves against the supposition that some one of us is a thief!"

It appeared that everybody was agreed to this proposition, and one after another had his pockets searched by the landlord. Finally, the officer who had paid but little attention to the piece of money when it was handed to him, said:

"Gentlemen, I do not agree to have my pockets searched, though I give you my honor as a soldier that I do not have in my possession the piece of money. Here is my name, and that is all I can submit to!"

All eyes were now directed to this officer, and immediately every one else seemed to have a suspicion that he was the one who had the money in his pocket. A number said to him that, as they had been searched, it was nothing more than right that he should be also. But he protested against it, and said that he would submit to it under no condition whatever.

"Then," said they, "we shall have to consider that you are the thief, unless you agree to have your pockets searched."

"I am no thief, gentlemen, and yet I will not have my pockets searched!"

Just in the midst of the excitement, a rap was heard at the door. The landlord opened it, and seeing the chief waiter of the hotel before him, asked him what he desired. Said he:

"I wish to tell you, sir, that in one of the napkins which has just been brought from the table there was found this gold-piece, which fell out when the napkin was thrown into the pile of soiled ones. I have come to give it to you, that you may return it to the owner."

The whole company were greatly surprised, and there was a universal feeling of satisfaction; and those people who had accused the officer of being a thief felt very much ashamed of themselves, and would have been glad to find any place to which to hide. The officer, now seeing that they could no more call him a thief, stood up before the company, and said:

"Gentlemen, I think you will now allow me the privilege of saying a word. The reason why I did not allow my pockets to be searched was, that I had in my porte-monnaie a piece of gold just like the piece which the waiter has returned to the owner. If it had been found in my pocket, and the other piece had never been found, I would have been called, and with some right, perhaps, a thief. There are strange things in this world, and we can never be too sure that we are right. See, here is my piece of money!"

And with that, the officer took out a piece of gold which was in every respect like that owned by the merchant.

"Look at it carefully, gentlemen; I am not afraid that any one of you is a thief, and after you have all seen it, I think you will say that it is precisely like the merchant's piece. Hereafter, let me beg of you, never to call any man a thief, or suspect him of any crime, unless the evidence is positive."

Those who had been suspicious of the officer taking the money then came up to him and asked his pardon, when he said to them:

"I freely grant it, gentlemen. But hereafter, always, before you have a suspicion that some one has done wrong, 'BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT!'"—*From the German for The Methodist.*

☞ Josh Billings says that "The lion and the lamb may possibly sum time lay down in this world together for a fu minits, but when the lion kums to get up the lamb will be missing."

☞ AN IMPORTANT SUGGESTION.—An English druggist proposes that in addition to the word "poison," labels should have printed on their margins the appropriate antidotes. A bottle containing a mineral acid, for instance, would have on its label: "Poison! If taken by accident, give, mixed with water, chalk or soap, or whiting, or ceiling scrapings."

Good for the Boys.

They have a delightful custom in the Swiss schools for boys, which might be adopted with great advantage to all concerned in this country. During the weeks of the summer vacation, it is the habit of the teachers to make, with their pupils, what are *voyages en zigzag*, i. e. pedestrian tours among the sublime mountains and charming valleys of that "land of beauty and grandeur." Squads of little fellows in their blouses, with their tough boots drawn on, and knapsacks on their back, may be met, during the season, on all the highways, and sometimes in the remotest passes of the Alps, as chirrupy as the birds on the boughs, and as light and bounding as the chamois who leap from crag to crag. They are perfect pictures of health and happiness, and the treasures of fine sights that they lay up in their memories, during these perambulations it would be difficult to describe. We know of more than one urchin that has thus scaled the summits of the Faulhorn, looked down from the precipices of the Bevent, walked over the frozen oceans of the glaciers, and gazed in rapture upon sunsets on the Jungfrau or Mont Blanc. Their trompe are made without danger and without much expense, and the life is one of incessant enjoyment and rapture. But why could not the same thing be done here, where we have the Allegheny Mountains, the Catskills, the Adirondacks, and the White Mountains, the exquisite lakes of the North, the river St. Lawrence with its rapids, Niagara, and the lovely scenery of Western Virginia, which, we are told, is scarcely surpassed on the continent? Over the long intervening stretches the railroad will bridge the distance; while the country inns are not expensive, and the country fare wholesome and nutritious.

Outlet to the Great Salt Lake.

COHINNE, UTAH, June 9.—A subterranean outlet to the Great Salt Lake has been found opposite Corinne, and between Fremont and Kimball islands. The schooner Pioneer, while in that vicinity, on Sunday last, was drawn into an opening which is an immense maelstrom, a stupendous whirlpool, and the descent and circular motion of the water was so rapid and violent that the vessel was made to turn around with frightful velocity, and it was only by a high wind prevailing at the time that she was enabled to sail beyond the influence of the awful chasm.

The captain reports that he has no doubt whatever that this opening, never before discovered, is the great outlet of the lake. A party of scientific men will leave immediately, on a steamer, to investigate this great wonder.

☞ The Miners' Journal, of Pottsville, Pa., having stated that there was a man in the place who had been drunk for thirty-five years, its editor says he has been called to account by at least twenty different persons, who insist that the item was a personal attack upon them. The man he really referred to, the editor remarks, "is sharp enough to keep his mouth shut about it, but keeps on drinking just as if not a word had been said."

☞ The New York Tribune says "it begins to be realized—as a definite, practical idea—that good theatres are salutary institutions in a large city; that they augment public security by cheering the minds of the masses, and that they sow the seeds of education in all good thoughts which they scatter abroad, and all worthy impulses to which they prompt."

☞ Kossuth is giving lessons in languages at Turin. He refuses all pecuniary assistance from his friends.

☞ Anna Dickinson in a recent lecture demanded "Why was I born?" There was an emphatic pause. The audience began questioning with themselves why Anna was born. Some thought to torment mankind, and thus learn men patience—others to show how little wisdom it took to make a successful lecturer—but, before many minutes, Anna repeated the question. Then, a small boy in the gallery, representing the general sentiment, shrilly piped out, "I give it up."

☞ An intelligent youth recently engaged in a commercial office, made out a shipping bill for "fourty" barrels of flour. His employer called his attention to an error in the spelling of forty. "Sure enough," replied the promising clerk, "I left out the gh."

☞ When Wemyss, a famous theatrical manager in Philadelphia, had quit the business, and opened instead a large store for the sale of patent medicines, a friend dryly remarked that he would no doubt be successful in filling both *boxes and pit*.

☞ "I think," said Mr. Bronson Alcott, once in conversation, "that when a man lives on beef he becomes something like an ox; if he eats mutton he begins to look sheepish, and if he eats pork may he not grow to be swinish?" "That may be," said Dr. Walker, of Cambridge, "but when a man lives on nothing but vegetables, I think he's apt to be pretty small potatoes."

☞ The landlord of the Stout House, at Fremont, sent a note a few days ago to a debtor, telling him that he was holding his note yet, and he would oblige him by paying it off. The debtor sent in haste this consoling reply: "Mr. R. Stout—Dear Sir: You say you are holding on to my note yet. That is right—perfectly right. Just keep holding on to it, and if you find your hands slipping, spit on them and try it again. Yours affectionately."

☞ Mr. Carrington, an English astronomer, has determined to secure as great accuracy and firmness as possible for his telescope and astronomical clock. He therefore puts his telescope in a dry well, under ground, on the top of a hill forty feet high. The clock will be the only one in the world kept all the year in an equable temperature, as it is forty feet under ground—far below the depth of where external heat or cold would affect its rate. A passage 100 feet long, and closed by three doors, connects it with the side of the hill.

☞ A San Francisco merchant who had an unsalable article consigned to him from the East, got his personal friends together, assigned each a street, and instructed them to call at every store and inquire for this particular article. Then he advertised the goods, and the retail dealers, suprised at the unusual call which had been made for them, took them all off his hands at a high price.

☞ A revolution is going on among the Parisian demi-monde. It consists principally in their firm resolves to appear before the public in the most rigid guise, without a scrap of lace or twinkle of diamonds—nothing but high bodices and floral ornaments, which extraordinary simplicity they explain by claiming that they must be distinguished somehow from "respectable women."

☞ "The grasshopper is a burden" in Utah. Farmers are discouraged. For four seasons these insects have blighted vegetation. They have been burned and buried and drowned by the hundred bushels, but all in vain—the plague continues.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—About 12,000 bbls sold at $4.50@5 for superfine; $5@5.37½ for extra; $6@6.25 for Penna family; $5.75@6.25 for Wisconsin family; $6@6.50 for Indiana family; $6.25@6.75 for Ohio family, and $7@8.50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour; sales at $5.25.

GRAIN—Wheat: 1300 bus Penna red sold at $1.25; 400 bus Penna white at $1.50; 500 bus Delaware red at $1.35; 1500 bus Indiana at $1.20@1.22; 400 bus Indiana white at $1.25. Rye: 3500 bus sold in lots at $1@1.05 for Western, and $1.10 for Penna. Corn: sales of 40,000 bus prime yellow at $1.07@1.08, and 60,000 bus Western mixed at $1.04@1.05. Oats: 20,000 bus Penna sold at 55½c; 15,000 bus Western at 56@61c.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $20.50@20.75. Mess Beef may be quoted at $21@22 ₩ bbl for city packed extra family. Beef Hams are quoted at $23@25 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 18@20; Excelsior hams at 22c; sides at 17@18c, and shoulders at 13½@13½c. Green Meats—Sales of 250 tcs pickled hams at 17½@18c, and shoulders in salt at 12½@12½c. Lard—Sales of 500 bbls and tcs at 16@16½c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs 17½c. Butter—Sales of good roll at 25@26c; very choice do at 28c; choice New York tub at 27@28; Penna and Western and solid packed ranges from 12 to 20c. Cheese—Sales at 14½@15½c. Eggs sell at 22@24c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—500 bales middlings sold at 22@22½c for uplands and 22½@22c ₩ ℔ for New Orleans, closing at 22@22c ₩ ℔.

BARK—Sales of No 1 Quercitron at $27 ₩ ton.

FEATHERS—There is a steady demand for Prime Western at 78@85c ₩ ℔.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $5@6 for Western New York. Dried Peaches and Apples—sales of Apples at 5@5c, and Peaches at 7@8c for quarters, 8@9c for halves, and 17@20c for pared.

IRON—Sales of 1000 tons at $52.50@53 for No. 1; and $52 ₩ ton for No. 2. Bar Iron is quoted at $70@77 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is dull—we quote at $6@7. Timothy at $5@7. Flaxseed at $2.25@2.25 ₩ bus.

Any person desiring work as agent, by addressing at once E. THORNTON, Hoboken N. J., will learn of something that will net them from $18 to $30 a week. mar26-3m

☞ Messrs. WANAMAKER & BROWN, of this city, claim to have the largest clothing house in America. Even New York, they say, cannot boast of an establishment like Oak Hall. We have purchased clothing there repeatedly, and been well suited as to cut and price. ap30-tf

"A Standard Remedy."

Such an article is *Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment.* It has stood before the public for 22 years, and has never failed giving satisfaction in a single instance. Every drop of this valuable compound is mixed by Dr. Tobias himself, therefore, it can always be relied upon. It is warranted superior to any other for the cure of chronic rheumatism toothache, headache, sore throat, vomiting, frosted feet, mumps, croup, burns, cuts, sea sickness, insect stings, sprains, cholera, colic, spasms, dysentery, bruises, colds, coughs, old sores, swellings, pains in the limbs, back and chest. There is no medicine in the world that stands more on its own merits than the "Venetian Liniment." Thousands of certificates can be seen at the doctor's office, attesting to its rare virtues. Sold by all druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States. Price, 50 cents and one dollar per bottle. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. je4-1m

How to Look Young—Sixteen.

Don't paint or use vile hair restorers, but simply apply Hagan's Magnolia Balm upon your face, neck and hands, and use Lyon's Kathairon upon your hair. The Balm makes your complexion pearly, soft and natural, and you can't tell what did it. It removes freckles, tan, sallowness, ring marks, moth patches, etc.; and in place of a red, rustic face, you have the marble purity of an exquisite belle. It gives to middle age the bloom of perpetual youth. Add these effects to a splendid head of hair produced by the Kathairon, and a lady has done her best in the way of adornment. Brothers will have no spinster sisters when these articles are around. je4-1m

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEACOCK & Co., sep4-1y

Be Beautiful. Restore Nature's Losses.

Use "*London Hair Color Restorer*" to restore the gray hairs and insure a luxurious growth. The best in the world. Price 75 cents. Address orders to Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth st., Philadelphia. Sold everywhere. je18-eowtf

Interesting to Ladies.

"I have been using sewing machines for the last six years. I am acquainted with the Singer, Wheeler & Wilson, and Grover & Baker Machines, and have also examined work done by expert hands on all of the above named machines. For elasticity and strength of stitch and durability of work, and for its noiseless and easy movements, I must confidently recommend the Grover & Baker to all parties desiring a good, reliable, family sewing machine."—*Mrs. J. B. M'Laughlin, Lewisburg, Pa.*

A Voice from the Kitchen.

Upwards of thirty professed cooks, many of them hailing from the best hotels in the United States, have voluntarily come forward and pronounced RAND'S SEA MOSS FARINE the finest article for puddings, custards, blanc mange, creams, jellies, and other favorite items of the dessert that has ever come under their notice.

So much for the palatability of the new element of food.

A still greater number of distinguished physicians and scientific chemists indorse it as a nutrient of the very highest class; while every housekeeper who uses it admits that it is full fifty per cent. cheaper than maizena, farina, corn starch, or any other preparation from corn or the cereal grains.

The new food staple is manufactured, under a patent, by the Sea Moss Farine Co., 53 Park Place; and in view of the above established facts, it is not surprising that their extensive machinery is kept running night and day to supply a demand that is rapidly becoming universal.

Beware of Tooth Poisons

Vended under the name of Dentrifices. Adopt and adhere to the only preparation that really preserves the teeth and hardens the gums, fragrant *Sozodont.* Its effects on decaying teeth are marvellous.

"SPALDING'S GLUE" mends Crockery, Wooden Ware, etc.

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan use "PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION." The only reliable and harmless remedy known to science for removing brown discolorations from the face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. ap9-3m

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Comedones, Black-worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions and Blotched disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. It contains no LEAD POISON. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Send for Circular. ap15-6m

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!

Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or sherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb19-tf

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co., 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. my21-6m

The Living Machine.

Injure the main spring of a watch and every portion of the works becomes disordered. The human stomach is to the human system what that elastic piece of metal is to a chronometer. It influences the action of the other organs, and controls, to a certain extent, the whole living machine. The comparison may be carried further; for as the weakness or other imperfections of the main spring is indicated on the face of the time-piece, so also is the weakness or other disorder of the stomach betrayed by the face of the invalid. The complexion is sallow or faded, the eyes are deficient in lustre and intelligence, and there is a worn, anxious expression in the whole countenance which tells as plainly as written words could do, that the *great nourishing organ* whose office it is to minister to the wants of the body, and to sustain and renew all its parts, is not performing its duty. It requires renovating and regulating, and to accomplish this end HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS may be truly said to be *the one thing needful.* The broken main spring of a watch may be replaced by a new one, but the stomach can only be repaired and strengthened, and this is one of the objects of the famous vegetable restorative which for eighteen years has been waging a successful contest with dyspepsia in all climates. As a specific for indigestion it stands alone. When the resources of the pharmacopœia have been exhausted, without, at best, doing more than mitigating the complaint, a course of this wholesome and palatable, yet powerful, stomachic effects a perfect and permanent cure. In all cases of dyspepsia the liver is more or less disordered, and upon this important gland, as well as upon the stomach and bowels, the Bitters act with singular distinctness, regulating and reinvigorating every secretive and assimilating organ on which bodily and mental health depend. je4-1m

Fits, Fits.

This valuable medicine has cured hundreds of epileptic fits, spasms and convulsions, and it is the only reliable remedy known: the medicine most wanted is that which will afford a speedy and effectual cure, as Grimley's Nervine Cordial the compound of a qualified practitioner in Europe. Send for sample bottle free of charge. Sold only by THOMAS GRIMLEY, Druggist, 823 Fourth Avenue, New York. je4-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th of Jan., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. SAMUEL C JONES to Miss SARAH A. SEYMOUR, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. H. H. ROTH to Miss ESSIE A. FOCHT, daughter of A. Focht, Esq., of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. William Cathcart, Mr. CORNELIUS G. SELLERS to Miss KATE F., daughter of Mr. Wm. Owen, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr. WILLIAM F. PROSSER to Miss EMMA F. MORLEY, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. M. H. Sisty, Mr. J. WESLEY RUDOLPH to Miss ELLIE R. HOOPER, both of this city.

On the 19th of May, by the Rev. John Chambers, JOHN R. WOLCOTT to ANNA A. BAIRD, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. MARY HARRISON, aged 57 years.

On the 7th instant, NATHANIEL B. HAMMOND, in his 27th year.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. SARAH A. H. WOLF, aged 54 years.

On the 5th instant, Mr. STEPHEN C. CHATHAM, in his 65th year.

On the 5th instant, Mr. ABEL BENNETT, in his 72d year.

On the 5th instant, JAMES STEWART, in his 46th year.

On the 4th instant, JOSEPH W. SCOTT, in his 34th year.

On the 4th instant, HARRIET, wife of John Harding, in her 58th year.

On the 4th instant, JOSEPH MONTGOMERY, Jr., in his 22th year.

PROSPECTUS.

Easy Way to Get a Sewing Machine.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

A large Premium Engraving is given to every full ($2.50) subscriber.

☞ **Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines given as a Premium for 30 subscribers and $75.00, or 20 subscribers and $60.00.**

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

TENDER LINES.

Sweet maiden of Passamaquoddy,
Shall we seek for communion of souls
Where the deep Mississippi meanders,
Or the distant Saskatchewan rolls?

Ah, no—for in Maine I will find thee
A sweetly sequestered nook,
Where the fair winding Skoodoowabakeekais
Conjoins with the Skoodoowabakook.

Let others sing loudly of Saco,
Of Quoddy and Tattamagouche;
Of Kennebasis and Quasco,
Of Merigomishe and Buctouche;

Of Nashwaak and Magaguadavique,
Of Memmerimammericook—
There's none like the Skoodoowabakooksis,
Excepting the Skoodoowabskook.

Falstaff's Cowardice and Boasting.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

Our engraving illustrates a famous scene from Shakspeare. Prince Henry had agreed with Falstaff to attack and rob, as a good joke, a party of travellers. The Prince allows Falstaff and his three men to rob the travellers, and then with Poins sets upon them, and robs them. But hear Falstaff's story:—

To PRINCE HENRY and POINS, enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Falstaff. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too!—marry, and amen. Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. Henry. How now, wool-sack?—what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward?—answer me to that; and Poins there?

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee hanged ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing!—give me them that will face me.

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter?—here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack?—where is it?

Fal. Where is it?—taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hacked like a hand-saw—*ecce signum.* I never dealt better since I was a man. All would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry. Speak, sirs. How was it?

Gadshill. We four set upon some dozen—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no; they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Henry. What! fought you with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray heaven, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; for I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

P. Henry. What! four?—thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven?—why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Henry. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in, foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Henry. Oh, monstrous!—eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them,—gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou obscene, greasy tallow-keech—

Fal. What! art thou mad?—art thou mad?—is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayst thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What! upon compulsion? No: were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion!—if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I—

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin!

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house; and, Falstaff, you carried your bulk away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince.

Influences of the Gulf Stream.

The banks and the bottom of the Gulf Stream are of cold water, but its volume is of warm. As it issues through the Narrows of Bemini its temperature is 80 deg. But after it has run over a thousand miles to the north it still retains its tropical heat. When her Britannic majesty's ship, the Nile, in May, 1861, sailed from the harbor of Halifax for Bermuda, under Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, that officer, as he entered the Gulf Stream, found the water at the stern of the vessel at a temperature of 40 deg, while before her bows the thermometer in the Stream stood at 70 deg. The heat actually set free in a winter's day by the Gulf Stream is enough to warm up a whole column of atmosphere resting upon France and the British Isles from the freezing-point to summer heat. If no more heat was received than is due to the position of the islands in respect of latitude, the mean winter temperature of Shetland would be only 3 deg., and that of London 17 deg. According to the observations of the Scottish Meterological Society, however, the mean winter temperature of these places are respectively 39 deg. and 37 deg.—Shetland being thus benefitted 36 deg. and London 20 deg. To all such places, along the path of the Gulf Stream, even within the Arctic circle, the vast current may be regarded as both a repository and dispenser of the sun's warmth given out in summer, and of the genial and vitilizing forces which clothe equatorial lands with a sea of foliage. So true is this that several of the isochimenals, or lines of equal *winter* temperature, are bent and carried by the Gulf Stream, sixteen hundred miles northward of their normal position! This peculiar distribution of the winter climate of the British Isles, as it becomes known, is brought into requisition by the skillful physician in the treatment of diseases. The patient needing a milder air is no longer sent to the southward, unless directed to the *west* end of the island; and the weak constitution recuperates almost as rapidly at Shetland, or on the west coast of Scotland, as in any part of England.

But time and space would fail us to accumulate the evidences of the balmy influences which demonstrate the climatic agency of the Gulf Stream. It clothes Ireland with her robe of "emerald," and England and Western Scotland with verdure. The Icelander rejoices in its proximity. And the poor Norwegian, at the North Cape itself, in midwinter, exults in the fact that his harbors are kept open and his shores delivered from the severe tyranny of the Frost King. —*From "The Hot Current of the Atlantic," by Prof. T. B. Murray, in Harper's Magazine, for June.*

ONLY.

And this is the end of it all! it rounds the year's completeness:
Only a walk to the stile, through fields afoam with sweetness;
Only the sunset light, purple and red on the river;
And a lingering low good-night, that means good-by forever.

So be it! and God be with you! It had been perhaps more kind
Had you sooner (pardon the word) been sure of knowing your mind.
We can bear so much in youth—who cares for a swift sharp pain?
And the two-edged sword of truth cuts deep, but it leaves no stain!

I shall just go back to my work—to my little household cares,
That never make any show. By times, perhaps in my prayers,
I may think of you! For the rest, on this way we've trodden together
My foot shall fall as lightly as if my heart were a feather!

And not a woman's heart! strong to have and to keep,
Patient when children cry, soft to lull them to sleep,
Hiding its secrets close, glad when another's hand
Finds for itself a gem where hers found only sand.

Good-by! The year has been bright! As oft as the blossoms come,
The peach with its waxen pink, the waving snow of the plum,
I shall think how I used to watch, so happy to see you pass
I could almost kiss the print of your foot on the dewy grass.

I am not ashamed of my love! Yet I would not have yours now,
Though you laid it down at my feet. I could not stoop so low.
A love is but half a love that contents itself with less
Than love's utmost faith and truth and unwavering tenderness.

Only this walk to the stile; this parting word by the river,
That flows so quiet and cold, going and flowing forever.
"Good-by!" Let me wait to hear the last, last sound of his feet!
Ah me! but I think in this life of ours the bitter outweighs the sweet.

Woman In The Middle Ages.

The learned author of Domestic Manners and Sentiments during the Middle Ages, The History of Caricature in History and Art, and other like volumes, has recently given to the world a history of the gentler sex in Western Europe.* Mr. Wright is equal to the task, and is wise in confining himself to the division of mankind to which we belong. One of the most interesting parts of the volume is the picture of woman's life in the feudal castle, which has only been briefly attempted by other writers, but which, as Mr. Wright remarks, has contributed more than anything else to the formation of her character in modern society. Our author is thoroughly at home among illuminated manuscripts, quaint chronicles, ivory carvings, embroidery, in short anything which can shed a ray of light on the so-called "dark ages."

THEIR DOMESTIC CHARACTER.

To show the excellent domestic character of the Roman women of an early period, it is only necessary to state, that although the Roman husbands had almost unlimited power of divorce, the first occasion on which it was exercised is said to have occured five hundred and twenty years after the foundation of Rome. At the time of Cæsar's invasion here, social life among the Britons was at a very low ebb; and, if we are to believe him, the natives were no clothing, merely dyeing their bodies blue. Roman costume was, however, soon adopted in this country. The Romano-British lady wore the tunic, *stola*, and the *palla*, just as the Roman ladies of Pompeii wore them; and the female personal ornaments now often discovered are all Roman. A sepulchral monument discovered at Ilkley, Yorkshire, commemorating a family named Olicana, and a statue found at Chesters, Northumberland (the site of the Roman station of Cilurnum), show well the costume at this period. The inscriptions on the few sepulchral monuments found sometimes exhibit touching affection. At Carvoran, a Roman site on the line of the Wall, Aurelius Marcus, a centurion, erected a monument, as a testimony of love for "his most holy wife, who lived thirty-three years without a single stain." A woman is frequently spoken of in Anglo-Saxon poetry under a word meaning "a weaver of peace." At first, the patriarchal spirit existed in full force among that people, the father being absolute master in his family, disposing of his children at will. He sold his daughters, the price being generally so many head of cattle. Their feelings were seldom consulted. Even when Christianity was introduced, it was no uncommon thing for a father to dedicate one of his daughters to a monastic life when she was a mere child.

The early marriage ceremony among the Anglo-Saxons was of a very primitive character: it consisted merely of hand-fasting (*hand-festnung*), or taking each other by the hand, and pledging love and affection, in the presence of friends and relations. The bridegroom paid the father a sum of money, called a *foster-lean*, or payment for nourishing. At a later period, the early custom of espousals was reduced to a regular system, and the lover was required to give a *wed*, or security for the performance of his contract; hence our word *wedding*. Under the influence of Christianity, the bride was allowed to have a voice in the contract, and break off the contract before her tenth year; and the father had not to return the money paid by the lover. If the lady wished to refuse before her twelfth year, the father had to return the money, or pay a fine. By this means, a father could espouse his daughter to several lovers, obtaining their money, and persuading her to cancel the contract. The church soon saw the impropriety of this, and ordered a girl who had refused the husband provided for her, to retire into a convent. Rather a harsh measure. The clergy soon introduced more formalities into the marriage ceremony. The Anglo-Saxon bridegroom put a ring on the maiden's right hand at the espousals, which, at the marriage, was removed to her left, on the first finger. The father at the same time delivered the bride's shoe to the bridegroom; and the latter touched her on the head with it, to show his authority. This ceremony is still preserved now in the popular custom of throwing shoes after a newly-married couple. It has been supposed that the gift of the shoe had its origin in that of placing the foot on the neck of a prisoner or slave. The morning after the marriage, the husband presented the wife with a valuable present, called the morning-gift; and in later times, the amount was stipulated before the ceremony. At the close of the tenth century, the Lady Wynflæd left an estate to a relation, which she states had been her morning-gift. When Athelstan's sister, Eadgith, married Otho, Emperor of Germany, he gave her the city of Magdeburg as her morning-gift.

If a widow married again within a year of her husband's death, she forfeited everything she had received from him—the origin, doubtless, of our feeling that a widow ought to wait a year before marrying again. Mr. Wright points out that the position of women under the Danes was comparatively good. A woman had actually a right by law to the custody of her husband's keys. The Anglo-Saxon females were very industrious; and the whole process of the construction of clothing was entirely in their hands. The Penitentiale of Theodore of Canterbury (seventh century) forbids women to sew clothes, card wool, or shear sheep on Sunday. William of Malmesbury says that the daughters of King Edward (successor of Alfred) employed themselves in the labors of the distaff and the needle. The Normans were much struck with the beauty of the Saxon needlework, which was called, by way of distinction, "Anglicum opus," or English work. According to Doomsday Book, Alwyd, a damsel, held lands at Ashley, Bucks, given her by Earl Godwin for teaching his daughter gold embroidery.

According to Adhelm, the Anglo-Saxon women loved to deck themselves with rings and bracelets, curled their hair, and dyed their cheeks with stibium. The manuscript illuminations which have come to us show the women clothed in a very modest manner; in fact, only the face and hands appear to be uncovered. They wore the *camisia* next the skin, then the tunic, the *cyrtel* (kirtle), and over all a mantle like the Roman *palla*. The head was covered with a head-rail, as it was called. In many manuscripts, the hair is painted blue, and it is probable that both men and women dyed their hair. Before marriage, a girl wore her hair long, hanging down; but after, it was cut shorter or bound up. Gloves and stockings were worn by both sexes; the term hand-shoes (*hand-sceo*) was applied to the former. The head of a family was often called *hlaf-ord* (whence lord), the origin or source of the bread; his wife, *hlaf-dig*, (lady) the distributor of the bread; and his servants and retainers, *hlaf-ætas*, (query *loafer?* Ed. Post) eaters of the bread.

According to the ecclesiastical Anglo-Saxon laws, the bishops gave the right to divorce; and marriage was not permitted within the fifth degree of consanguinity—a ridiculous rule, frequently set at nought. The clergy of the old school then had their wives, though this was altered by Dunstan at a later period. The convents were frequently places of luxurious living, to say the least. Mr. Thrupp, in his Anglo-Saxon Home, page 231, gives this description of the lady abbess of one of these establishments: "She appeared in a scarlet tunic with full skirts and wide sleeves and hood, over an under vest of fine linen of a violet color, with shoes of red leather. Her face was rouged, and her hair curled with irons over the forehead and temples; ornaments of gold encircled her neck, heavy bracelets adorned her arms, and jewelled rings were upon her fingers. Her nails were worn long, and cut to a sharp point, to resemble the talons of a hawk."

THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.

After the death of Charlemagne, came the terrible invasions of the Northmen, and to withstand this, the *feudal system* arose. This consisted in granting lands on condition that the tenant should perform military services to the crown, according to its extent. In the tenth century, the whole landed property of France passed into this sort of tenure. Almost impregnable fortresses arose, and the castle became the symbol of feudalism. Isolated from the world, the male part of the household were only too glad to go forth to seek adventures. But, notwithstanding this, never in any other form of society, says M. Guizot, has a family reduced to its most simple expression, husband, wife, and children, been found so closely drawn together. When the lord left his castle, his lady remained as mistress, which often gave to women of the feudal epoch a dignity, courage, and virtues which they would not have displayed in any other circumstances. This solitary, sombre, castle life was favorable to the development of domestic life and the elevation of woman. In the eleventh century, the spirit of family, domestic life had acquired a development and empire previously unknown. Dress was comparatively simple in the reign of the Conqueror, and when extravagance is mentioned, the men incur the blame.

Ladies became frequently nobles in their own right, conveying their vast estates by marriage into other families. When married, such a dame occupied a high position in the household, sitting in the place of honor beside her lord at the table, and taking his place when absent. It was the general custom for the lady of the castle to go to the gate to receive a visitor. It was not considered courteous in her to retire to array herself when he was announced. The knight of La-Tour-Laudry urges that "all women should come to receive their friends in the state in which they happen to be." When a guest departed, the lord and lady of the castle conducted him to the gate.

Sons of the vassals were sent to be educated in the castle of their suzerain, and were called *damoiseaux* (*damoisel*), a little lord;) and the daughters (*damoiselles*) were similarly placed with the lady of the castle, and attended on her, and were called *chambrieres*, or chamber-maidens. They were taught to behave themselves demurely and modestly; and several of the codes of instruction are extant. Two words, never to be forgotten, arose out of the condition of society in the feudal castle—*courtesy* and *chivalry*. The first of these meant the manners and sentiments prevailing in the household, for every baron's household was a court. Courtesy distinguished the society inside the castle from the people outside. A poem of the thirteenth century thus expresses the source of courtesy:

There is reason enough why
We ought to hold woman dear;
For we see happen very little
Courtesy, except through women.
Well know I that for the love of the ladies
The very clowns become courteous.

The word *chivalry* we owe to the influence of womankind on feudal society. The feeling of devotion to the fair sex was called *chevalerie*, the duty of the *chevalier*. The spirit of gallantry had made its way from the South, and the knight looked upon woman as his patron, and considered himself bound to offer himself in her defence. At joust and tournament, the presence of ladies encouraged the knights, who wore their favors (generally a richly embroidered sleeve,) and received the prizes from their hands. At the tournament in Paris in 1389, the ladies met after supper each day and adjudged the prize of valor. A successful competitor was often allowed to kiss the fairest of the ladies present.

Not content with this, a fair demoiselle of rank and wealth sometimes offered herself as the prize of the tournament. Guarin de Metz in this manner won the hand of the fair Melette Fitz Warine and the manor of Whittington to boot.

The greatest accomplishment a young bachelor could possess was the art of composing love-verses upon his lady. This knightly love-poetry formed a large portion of the literature of the middle ages, and much of it is preserved. Sometimes, when a lady had a husband she did not like, she got another knight to challenge him, and if successful, accepted him as her lover.

But notwithstanding the external pomp and pride of the medieval castle, Mr. Wright's facts prove that the degree of morality was not very high. Illegitimacy of birth was hardly considered dishonorable. The first of our Norman kings was William the Bastard, and one of the most distinguished of the romance heroes was in a similar plight.

Ladies are represented in illuminations more frequently spinning thread than in any other occupation. During the feudal period, property which went in the female line was said to descend to the *quenouille*, or distaff; hence our word *spinster* has became the legal designation of a woman who has not been married, spinning then being looked upon as unmarried woman's chief occupation. In Queen Mary's Psalter in the British Museum, Eve is represented spinning in Eden. Curiously enough, the medieval ladies were the physicians, and often surgeons of the household. Their skill in these professions is often mentioned in romance literature.

The day in the castle began at sunrise, and ended about eight or nine o'clock in the evening, when the household usually retired to rest. The two chief meals of the day were *dinner*—about the middle of our forenoon—and *supper*, which was taken about four or five o'clock in the afternoon. At a later period, the hours became much later, and a second supper, called the *rere-supper*, was eaten. After dinner, knights and ladies sat round the table in the hall, or adjourned to a chamber near, listening to the songs of the minstrels, or playing at games, or *gabbing*. The last amusement was derived from the old northern races, and consisted in uttering extravagant boasts of the feats which each had done, or could do, and passing satirical jokes upon others. The word *gabban* in Anglo-Saxon, means to joke or jeer, and a good gabber was a great acquisition in feudal society. In the fourteenth century, sarcastic characters were drawn upon rolls of vellum, with marks attached to each, and each drew one by chance. A like custom was kept up in the Elizabethian period in the roundels, or fruit-trenchers which were turned up after the fruit or confectionery had been eaten, and the satirical motto was supposed to apply to him or her who found it. The medieval ladies were passionately fond of dancing and games of skill, especially to tables and chess. The former was like our backgammon, and was of great antiquity. *Draughts* (or, as it was then called, *dames*,) was also played. Instruction in chess was always considered part of a liberal education. Both sexes delighted to escape from the castle into the garden, or into the fields beyond. The garden was often extensive, and adorned with fountains, and was usually placed so that easy access could be had from the apartments of the ladies to it. The people of the middle ages had a great taste for singing-birds and pet animals, though the cat must not be reckoned among these. The favorite bird for the cage was the pie or magpie. Many stories of its skill in talking are told in the romances.

Feudal ladies of the higher class were very careful in keeping their inferiors at a respectful distance, and the rules of behaviour were very formal. Ladies and gentlemen when walking out held each other's hands, never arm-in-arm. In riding, ladies frequently, like the Wife of Bath in Chaucer's *Canterbury's Tales*, rode astride like men. When sitting sidways on the horse, a lady, in illuminated manuscripts before the sixteenth century, is always represented sitting with her legs on the right side of the horse, with her left hand towards its head, exactly contrary to the way in which ladies ride now. At an early period, mules were in favor, but as the age of feudalism advanced, ladies took to the palfrey. Carriages or chars were seldom used, and were clumsy and inconvenient. When Richard II. was reconciled to the citizens of London, and entered London two chars of court-ladies were in the train of the queen. One of these was overturned, as Richard of Maidstone exultingly tells us, as he looked upon it as a judgment of Heaven for such extravagance as the use of chars. Hawking was considered quite a lady's accomplishment; and the earliest treaties on hawking and hunting written in the English language, was by Dame Juliana Berners, Prioress of the nunnery of Sopewell, near St. Albans. John of Salisbury, in the twelfth century, tells us how eagerly ladies followed the sport.* They were also very fond of hunting the hare, hart, wolf, and bear,—the four beasts of *venerie*, or hunting. A hound like our modern one was used for hunting these animals, the hare, and sometimes a deer also, being pursued with a greyhound. Spaniels were used in hawking. In manuscripts, ladies are represented frequently shooting or ferreting rabbits. Mr. Wright says the use of the ferret for this purpose is of great antiquity. Pliny (*Hist. Nat.*, lib. viii, c. 81,) speaks of it as common among the Romans in Italy. An act of 13 Richard II. prohibits any priest or other clerk not having a bene-

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*Womankind in Western Europe, from the earliest Times to the Seventeenth Century. By Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A., &c. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1869.

*He alleges as a proof of the frivolous character of hawking, that the "less worthy" sex was the most skillful of the two in bird-hawking, which, he says, we might make an accusation against Nature herself that "the less worthy are always the more prone to rapine."

fice of ten pounds yearly value, to take rabbits with ferrets, under a penalty of a year's imprisonment. The Italian clergy were in the middle ages very fond of this amusement. An illumination in Queen Mary's Psalter represents a lady placing a ferret in a rabbit's hole. The books of the middle ages, show that hawking was considered quite the province of the ladies. They even carried them into churches; but this we cannot wonder at, when we find that ecclesiastics of rank and position adopted the fashion themselves, though this was condemned by the stricter among them. The merlin was the ladies' hawk, and the hobby that for a young man. The hawking season began with the month of August, and the ladies rose early and sought partridges about that month.

The perfumes used by the medieval ladies were not of a very refined nature—saffron appears to have been the principal; and mercers sold frequently "wimples perfumed with saffron." Ladies soon came to be distinguished for extravagance in dress; and fashions changed with great rapidity. Chaucer's Persone inveighs against the wild extravagance of contemporary fashions in dress. Mr. Wright points out that there was no *law* of fashion, but each high dame seems to have chosen her fashion for herself, though at any particular period a general character prevailed. The whole extent of feudalism formed, in some respects, one great domain, in which each feudal castle was a sort of little state, complete in itself. At certain times, the ladies of these castles went to the king's court, and saw variations and peculiarities in dress, which they carried home, to introduce into their own lesser court. The dresses in the thirteenth century were often made of rich materials, richly embroidered. Gloves were generally worn; and it was considered the height of ill manners to keep the gloves on the hand during visits, or in soirees, or in balls, or in the presence of great people, and when two persons met in the public road, they drew off their gloves before touching hands. The hair, at the end of the thirteenth century, was arranged so as to project above the ears on each side. False hair was added, called *atours*, and this assumed the form of horns, which excited the indignation of the satirists of the period. The Knight of La-Tour-Landry (*c.* 1371) tells us of a bishop who, preaching to ladies thus dressed, told them that Noah's flood was brought on by similar vanities, and that he had no doubt that the Demon made his ordinary seat between the woman's horns.

FEMALE AUTHORS.

There was a great difference of opinion in the middle ages as to whether a knowledge of letters was good for the female sex or not. It generally happened, however, that the ladies of the knightly household were the most learned part of the family. They appear to have excelled in literary composition. The Provençal poets counted among their ranks a number of poetesses, the most distinguished of whom lived in the twelfth century. Maria de France was a poetess of great reputation in the thirteenth century. She acknowledges as her patron our King Henry III. She wrote a collection of love-tales, professing to be derived from Breton legend, and another work consisting of a number of fables in Anglo-Norman verse. In the latter volume she says she was induced to do it by "the Earl William," who is supposed to be the celebrated William Longue-epee, Earl of Salisbury, son of Henry II. by Fair Rosamond. The great poetess of the fourteenth century was Christine de Pisan, daughter of an eminent physician in Venice, who settled in Paris at the invitation of Charles V. At this time, 1368, Christine was only five years old. She received a learned education, and while still young, married a gentleman of Picardie, named Etienne Castel. In 1390 she was well known for her poetry. Her husband died in 1402; and she had to support her five children, being probably the first woman who, in Western Europe, sought to live by her pen. She tells us, in 1405, that she had already composed fifteen principal works, without reckoning her smaller and more playful writings; that is, the poems of various kinds composed in her youth, which, altogether, she says, "filled seventy quires of a large volume." She appears to have made copies of her writings also. One of her presentation copies is preserved in the British Museum, and is richly illuminated. It was written in 1404, for presentation to Isabelle of Bavaria, queen of Charles VI. At the head of the prologue is an illumination representing Christine presenting her book to the queen. In 1405, Christine presented herself as the champion of peace, and wrote a letter to the queen, entitled "The Weeping Request of Loyal Frenchmen." The peace of Vincennes was concluded soon after, but did not last long; and Christine composed her *Lamentation*. Soon after, she retired into a nunnery, where she remained eleven years, until the appearance of the Maid of Orleans, in whose praise she composed a poem, a copy of which was discovered by M. Jubinal among the manuscripts of the library at Berne, and published by him in 1838.

Noblemen at Work.

Few of us have any idea of the fondness of the English aristocracy for real hard work in their gardens and grounds. Earl Vernon, formerly President of the Royal Agricultural Society, of England, would work all day, hoe in hand, with his laborers, and as hard as any of them. The writer of this paragraph has seen his nephew for hours, axe in hand, thinning out his own plantations; and once saw him with the Duke of Wellington, both together with a cross-cut saw cutting down a large Button-wood.

These reminiscences are called up by an American correspondent who recently visited Mr. Gladstone, the English Premier, at his home at Hawarden, and who found him hacking away at a Beech fourteen feet in circumference. He takes great pride in his ability to do hard work, and believes, the correspondent says, that physical exercise induces a good appetite, and that this again reacts on mental vigor.

☞ There is a rumor that Queen Victoria has become matrimonially inclined, and is, indeed, affianced to a foreign prince of the blood royal, but without fortune. The English papers do not feel inclined to accept the report; but give a little general advice on the subject, to the effect that there are a plenty of rich peers in England, "all honorable men," from whom the Queen might select more appropriately—unless she intends to abdicate in favor of the Prince of Wales—in which case she might marry whom she chose.

"WE."

BY M. H. R.

Oh! love is left in by-gone years,
Yet there has been no broken vow.
"*We*" met of yore; 'tis "*you* and *I*"
That sometimes meet each other now.
A quite indifferent *he* and *she*,
Though once enshrined in lover's "*we*."

That time, 'tis now long, long ago—
Its hopes, its joys all passed away;
On life's calm tide three bubbles glow,
And Pleasure, Youth, and Love are they.
Hope paints them bright as bright can be—
Or did when *you and I* were "*we*."

I paradised some woodland cot;
I built great "castles in the air;"
And pleasure was, and grief was not;
In cot or castle *thou* were there;
Yet it was not alone for thee,
For Fancy always whispered "*we*."

The distant isles of future years
Gleam brightly through the golden haze;
Time's sea a reflex heaven appears,
In which the stars are happy days;
At least 'twas always so with me
When lovers *you and I* were "*we*."

My life was all one web of gold,
Where thoughts of thee like gems were set;
But soon the light of love grew cold,
And gems and gilding faded; yet
The "gilt" and "paste" seemed true to me,
But 'twas when *you and I* were "*we*."

Long, long ago, with life-hope shone
Those faded fancies; now they seem
Wild fragments of a gladness gone,
The memory of a pleasant dream.
And Wonder whispers, "Can it be
That ever *you and I* were "*we*."

NELLIE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

"So you are going to be married, Nellie?" said Bertie Egerton, stroking his tawny and decidedly handsome moustache. They were alone in the conservatory, and the musician's were playing the "Mabel" waltz, and the dancers were whirling round like mad.

"Yes," she said, and she said it a little ruefully, as if she still carried her heart about with her, and had not given it into the keeping of her future lord and master.

"I don't believe you care for him, Nellie Vince, though you are going to marry him."

"No," she answered, slowly; "I don't. Indeed, on the whole," she added, candidly, "I think I detest him."

The Vinces were miserably poor—those most unfortunate of beings, poor gentlefolks—the sort of people who, in the course of a season, suffer a dozen martyrdoms from petty mortifications, with an endurance which, if known, would excite the envy of the ghost of the never-to-be-forgotten Spartan boy, and extinguish his glory for ever; the sort of people who have an appearance to keep up, and nothing to keep it up upon. They gave a dinner twice a year, and starved for a fortnight before, and grumbled for a fortnight after it. They never went to a theatre unless they had orders given to them, and then they hired a brougham, because cabs cost nearly as much and were more vulgar; and they stinted themselves for a week after the indulgence. The girls went to all the parties they were invited to, "because" explained politic Mrs. Vince to Colonel Vince, who, if he had little money, had much pride—"because," said Mrs. Vince, "they might get off." Besides, going to parties was less expensive than giving them; so the girls went in their everlasting muslins, which were ironed when they were tumbled, and washed when they were dirty. Heigh-ho! They were so poor, though they did not show it much—that is, not much, considering. They wore cheap gloves and common dresses, and made the latter at home; and they passed by the bonnet-shops, which they were never allowed to enter, with a sigh. They pretended to like walking better than driving; and to dislike all wine (that is, at home,) excepting claret, which was twelve shillings a dozen. And they kept small fires, and threw up the cinders; and didn't feel inclined to go to church on collection Sundays—that is, the Colonel and Mrs. Vince didn't. Nellie, and Clara, and Arthur went to high-church, where there was always a collection; but they ignored the bag altogether, and when it came round, sang very loudly, and looked at their hymn-books very attentively; so they didn't notice it.

Nellie was the eldest girl, pretty rather, and decidedly spirited—clever too, and lively and amusing. She was twenty-one all but a week, and looked younger and felt older. She had been in love with Bertie Egerton all her life; but he had nothing besides his handsome self and pretty name to boast of; so, though they understood each other as perfectly as if there had been a dozen proposals between them, they bowed to circumstances. He was supposed to be a barrister, but he had never held a brief in his life. He had an uncle rolling in money, who had sent him to college, and promised to do something for him, and who had paid the fees for his entrance at the Temple; but Bertie, though he had acquired great knowledge of the world, had acquired little knowledge of law, so his uncle was not best pleased. Now, "Moneybags," as his nephew irreverently called him, was seventy-five, and not amiable—so he would not have been lamented; but he showed no signs of dying, and if he had, perhaps there might be nothing in his will for Bertie, though he was his nearest relation. Altogether, therefore, things were hopeless; they could not marry on love and live on air; besides, Bertie had a righteous horror of poverty. Nellie was romantic, very decidedly romantic, though she pretended to be matter-of-fact. In her heart, she was horribly disappointed that Bertie didn't propose Gretna, or its equivalent (since that useful institution was abolished). She was in love, very much in love, and if he would have only asked her, would have married him, and settled down to genteel poverty for the rest of her days with the greatest satisfaction; but he didn't. On the contrary, he bewailed his poverty, and said he thought he should propose to "Plantations"—Plantations being a West Indian heiress with plenty of money and little beauty. Therefore, Nellie, after being talked to, and having all the advantages explained to her by her politic mamma, and being lectured and called "My dear daughter" by her proud papa, had accepted old Brownlow. They were to be married in July, and this was May; so she had two months' freedom yet, and then—but she resolutely forebore to look any farther.

Old Brownlow was as rich as a Jew; so it was an excellent match, people said, and they were more attentive to the Vinces in consequence, especially to Nellie. He wasn't handsome. He was fifty-five, and rather gray. He wasn't over head and ears in love with Nellie—he adored himself too much for that. The fact was, he wanted a mistress for his house, and some one to head his table, and he thought she would do. He had hesitated between Nellie and her younger sister Clara. Clara was prettier, but Nellie had more spirit, and that had decided him. He liked her independence and spirit, though he intended to curb it as far as he was concerned. Clara would have accepted him much more willingly; she liked the pomps and vanities of this iniquitous world, and rather envied Nellie on the whole, and admired her diamond engagement-ring particularly.

Nellie had not seen Bertie since the evening that ring had been placed on her not at all willing finger, till they met at the Wilfords' party. Luckily, old Brownlow was not there; so they had it all their own way. They had danced about a dozen bars of the "Mabel," and then betaken themselves to that dimly lighted and remarkably convenient conservatory.

"Detest him!" said Bertie; "pleasant, certainly;" but he seemed rather pleased, on the whole, or, at all events, decidedly not sympathizing, as he ought to have been.

"Indeed, I do, Bertie." They were sitting down now in the coziest corner of that cosey flirtation harbor.

"Why do you marry him, then?"

"Oh, he's rich," she replied a little scornfully.

"Worldly young person you must be," he said, looking as if he considered her a curiosity, but there was a look in his eyes as he bent them down on her which Nellie didn't see, or her heart might have fluttered unpleasantly—"very worldly young person," he repeated, "but not at all singular, though."

"I am sure I would much rather not," she said dolefully; "you don't know how I dread it. I am sure I don't mind poverty in the least; indeed, I rather like it;" but her tone was doubtful when she added the latter clause, and her thoughts reverted to the bills in the letter-clip on her papa's writing-table, and the foot-notes appended to many of them to the effect that "Messrs. So-and-so must request," &c.

"Doesn't do now-a-days, darling," he said. He called her darling now and then, and Nellie pretended not to hear it. He only did it now and then.

"I am sure money isn't everything," she remarked, sagely.

"It's a great deal, though."

"Oh, of course it is," she answered, a little crossly. She was a shade vexed, to tell the truth. "Of course it is something always to have a nice house, and servants, and carriages, and big fires, and four-and-six-penny gloves, and new bonnets, and not to have to turn one's frocks, nor extinguish half the wax-candles the moment one's guests are gone—and—and—" But she stopped, and shook some rose-leaves off her muslin dress, which looked more crumply than usual.

"You know all the advantages, Nell," he said; "you have evidently learned them by heart, as children learn the multiplication-table in the days of their infancy. Go on."

"And—and"—she was nearly crying, his coolness was so provoking—"and—some one—a husband"—and she gave a great gulp at that word; she couldn't have brought it out if he hadn't been so disagreeable—"to love one, and take care of one."

"There are others willing to stand in that relation to you besides Brownlow."

"Oh!" she said, waiting for him to proceed, but he didn't, only went on stroking his moustache—in an insane manner. Nellie thought; so she wished she had said "Where?" instead of "Oh!" which might have induced him to be more explicit.

"Wish I wasn't such a pauper," he remarked presently, and he sighed.

Nellie heard the sigh, and was delighted. He had left off stroking his moustache now, and was looking into her eyes; she did see the expression in his now, and she felt her turn had come.

"What a delightful couple we shall be!" she said, teasingly. "How we shall yawn at each other from each side of the fireplace; and how superbly polite we shall be to each other; and how he will hate me in six months, when he finds I fulfil all my duties properly, excepting that of loving him;" and she was a little bitter now.

"You don't love him, then?" he asked, eagerly.

"Didn't I tell you I detested him!"

"Nellie"—and his face was very close to hers—"Nellie, how happy *we* could have been!"

"Yes," she whispered; and she didn't move her face.

"No use, darling;" and he kissed the lips which were so temptingly close to his, and wasn't reproved. Very shocking, wasn't it?—especially considering that diamond ring on the third finger of her left hand. Perhaps she had forgotten it, though, for she hadn't taken off her glove. "You see there would be such a fearful row, and we have no money."

"Yes," she said doubtfully.

Just then the waltz ended; and little knots of heated dancers strolled in, so their *tete-a-tete* came to an untimely end.

Bertie was quieter than usual when he reached home that night, and stroked his moustache more than ever.

"Dear little girl!" he said to himself. "If old Moneybags would only do something, or something would only turn up, I'd risk it—declare I would. She's much too good for Brownlow."

And when Nellie reached home, she divested herself of her finery in five minutes, rolled her muslin frock up in a ball in her excitement, and cried herself to sleep.

CHAPTER II.

There wasn't any hope left for her; it only wanted a fortnight to the time; and the cake was ordered, and the bridesmaid's finery bought, and the guests invited. Nothing turned up. Moneybags was alive, Bertie out of town, and, altogether, the whole thing was certain.

"Ugh!" she said to herself, "how I hate him!" She was trying on her wreath, which had just come from Madame de Blank's. "Ugly old thing!" That was not at all a proper expression to make regarding her future spouse; but she made it. "Nasty, pompous old thing; to insist, too, on our spending the honeymoon at his mouldy old country-seat, when I wanted to go to Paris, and see all the shops." Nellie had a weakness for shops, and a partiality for spending money in them. "Honeymoon, indeed! O Bertie, if it had been you, darling;" and she began to cry. After all, she was only a woman, and women are very foolish.

Now chance played Nellie that day a very good turn. The colonel had gone into the country to see an old friend; Mrs. Vince, and Clara, and Arthur, had gone out; and so Nellie was alone in the house. At that moment the housemaid entered. She was a good-looking housemaid, and a good-natured one, and a good-tempered one, and she was very fond of Nellie, who sometimes told her her secrets.

"Miss Nellie," she said, "Mr. Egerton is in the drawing-room, and they are all out;" and Mary-Jane looked as if she knew all about it.

"You don't mean it! Here, take this;" and she flung aside her wreath, gave a hasty look in the glass, and rushed down-stairs; came to a full stop at the drawing-room door, and walked in, in a very composed manner.

"Nellie," he said, meeting her as she entered, "they are all out, are they not?" And he took her two hands in his, while she wondered if anything could have turned up, and almost thought that it had.

"Yes."

"That's jolly. I want to talk to you so much, dear. Come and sit down on the sofa by me," he said caressingly; and she went.

"Well?" she asked.

"Well," he said, "how is the wedding getting on?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed disappointedly, "is that all?"

"All! Why, don't you know a wedding is the most important thing in the world, in a young lady's eyes?"

"It isn't in mine," she said gravely, for she *was* disappointed, and could not help it; and her eyes began to fill with tears, and he seeing them was merciful. Besides, she was looking wonderfully pretty just at that moment, and he longed to kiss her, but wasn't sure the proper moment had arrived for that performance.

"Nellie," he said, "Uncle Blake is dead" (Uncle Blake was old Moneybags): died a week ago; and he has left me all his money—all, every penny!"

"Oh!" and she opened her eyes very wide—"O Bertie! Well?" and she waited.

"So I shall be able to give you something jolly for a bridal gift, shan't I?"

"Bertie!" she exclaimed indignantly, and tried to pull away her hands, but he held them tightly.

"Darling," he said, "we won't put off the wedding; but shall we change the bridegroom?" and he was kissing her now.

"I don't understand," she said innocently, though of course she did.

"Will you have me instead of old Brownlow, darling?"

"Yes," she said plumply, and she looked down, and looked very confused, and pretty, and happy; all of which was highly proper, of course. "But what will they all say? they never will consent;" and she pulled away her hands, and looked up with two very burning cheeks.

"We won't ask them. Tell them when it is all over; and then let them storm, and let Brownlow tear his hair."

"O how nice!" she exclaimed, with an exultation which was undutiful towards her parents, and unchristian towards old Brownlow. "Do you mean we are to elope?"

"Yes," and he nodded gravely—"elope." He enjoyed, he delighted in the idea amazingly.—"Listen, darling. I have thought of everything, and though I am now as good a match as Brownlow, still they could never consent, after all the fuss, and talk, and bother; so I think it will be best to avoid all row. I will stay away till the time, and you shall meet me, when I have arranged all, early one morning; and we will be quietly married, and be off to some watering-place, and then write and tell them. The knot will be tied, so storming won't be of any use." That was a long speech for Egerton to make. He didn't talk much, as a rule.

"Very early in the morning?" she asked.

"Ten or eleven, I suppose."

She was rather disappointed again. Her idea of an elopement consisted of escaping in the dead of the night out of a window, down a ladder, with a lace handkerchief tied over her head, and her lover waiting below with a large cloak to wrap her up in, and a noiseless carriage, hidden in the distance, to convey her away. Bertie's ideas were rather commonplace, she thought.

"You can manage it, can't you Nell?" he asked.

"Yes; O yes. Lucky thing I'm of age, though, Bertie!" she remarked importantly. She was twenty-one and a month.

"Very much so," he returned approvingly. "Now darling," he whispered, "tell me when—one day next week, darling. Let's see: to-day is Tuesday—now, darling, tell me when it shall be?"

Then she looked very demure, and turned away her head, and said she didn't know; but after much coaxing and blushing, it was finally fixed for the Thursday; so she had ten days to get ready. Her marriage with old Brownlow would have taken place two days later, if it had been going to come off.

"Tell you what, Nell; I shan't come again, so you won't see me till the morning. Can't you pretend to go and spend the day with Maggie Greton?" Maggie Greton was Nellie's cronie. "Put her up to it, and bring her with you, and you can meet me at the end of the square."

"Yes, Bertie," she said obediently—"I shan't wear my wreath after all," she added a little regretfully.

"No; it wouldn't be quite the thing in the street. Besides, they might render the ceremony null and void on the plea of insanity," he remarked.

"I shall certainly leave it behind," she replied decidedly.

"All right. You bring Maggie, and I'll bring Welsh—first-rate fellow, Welsh; good for anything. These two will do famously. What a dear little girl you are, Nell! You don't plague a fellow at all. You've got so much sense: more than I have, ever so much."

"Rather a pity, on the whole, we made Nell accept Mr. Brownlow," remarked Mrs. Vince when she heard of Bertie's accession. "He might have proposed to you, Clara; and Nellie liked Bertie, I fancy."

"Too late now," said Clara.

"Oh, of course. What would people say? I would not do such a thing for the world. Besides, consider all the expense we have gone to."

"I never liked that young Egerton," remarked old Brownlow that evening. "He is a puppy."

"That he is not," exclaimed Nellie. She did not fear her elderly betrothed much now, and felt inclined to serve him out.

"Oh!" said old Brownlow astonished, and he put up his glasses, which were double, with a thick gold rim. "Ah! really my dear young lady, you are very decided in—"

"My opinion. I should think so. Why, I have known Bertie Egerton a century, and he's a brick!"—which was altogether an improper speech for a young lady to make. It wasn't respectful to old Brownlow. It wasn't truthful; for she hadn't known Bertie for a century. It wasn't ladylike; for "brick" is a slang word. Therefore, it is not to be wondered at that astonished faces turned towards her indignantly, and that scandalized eyes bent down upon her sternly.

CHAPTER III.

Maggie Greton enjoyed the idea amazingly, and was quite willing to help. She was her own mistress, and could do as she liked. She had no mother; and her father was a bookworm, and did not trouble much about what went on around him, which was convenient.

The morning came, and Nellie went round to Maggie's early. She kissed them all very affectionately before she left home. She felt frightfully wicked; but she thought of old Brownlow, and could not repent.

"There they are, Nellie," said Maggie, as a brougham with Egerton and Welsh came round the corner; and they got in, and all four went to church together, which, of course, was not etiquette; but that could not be studied in an elopement. Nellie was uncommonly grave.

"Believe you are frightened, Nell," whispered Maggie, who had been doing a side flirtation with Welsh, and seemed to enjoy it.

"Well, you see, I never was a bride before," she said slowly, which was true. "It is not the least bit romantic," she thought, as they stood at the altar rails, waiting for the clergyman, who was slow in putting on his surplice—"not the least. I always thought, for an elopement, one had a post-chaise, with four white horses; two post-boys, both grinning; and rose-colored blinds to draw down the moment the bride and bridegroom were inside. Suppose it is not fashionable now; for Bertie knows, of course."

Just then the ceremony began; and so she looked very frightened and subdued. A whole church and a parson to one's self is enough to subdue one.

They went off to the railway station directly the ceremony was over; there was no wedding breakfast. They would dine at Worthing, they said, as they sent Maggie and Welsh away together, hungry, but seemingly very well satisfied with each other, which they were.

"I think I'd better write home now," said Nell, when they were comfortably arrived at their destination, and sitting at the window watching the boats which jumped about on the water. "They'll get it to-morrow early."

"All right, darling," he said; and she sat down, and didn't know what to say.

"Do come and help me, Bertie!"

"DEAREST MAMMA—*Please, forgive me. I know, of course, I am very, very wicked; but I have—*"

"I don't know what to say next."

"*This morning been married to Bertie Egerton. You see he is rich now—*"

"Cool," said Bertie. "Pray, did you marry me for that reason? Very worldly young person;" but he didn't look afraid of her motives.

"Very," nodded Nellie, in a Burleigh-like manner. "Wish you wouldn't interrupt. You'll put all ideas out of my head, and Clara is sure to quiz it."

"*So you must try and forgive me. I could not love Mr. Brownlow, who is very ugly, you know, dear mamma, and—*"

"O Nell!"

"So he is, dear."

"*So I have married Bertie Egerton, who loves me very much; and I beg you to forgive me, and I—*"

"Will never do it any more," suggested Bertie.

"Goose!" exclaimed Nell. When a woman calls a man a goose she is generally in love with him.

"*Will never forget your kindness. Keep some of the cake for me—*"

"Greedy you are, Nell."

"*Or else tell Clara if she marries she may have it and the wreath. Please, forgive me, dear mamma and papa; and believe me your ever affectionate daughter,* NELLIE."

"Egerton," said Bertie; "put that in." He was looking over her shoulder. She had left room for her new name on purpose, but meant to be coaxed into writing it.

"Oh, I had forgotten that was my name now;" which she hadn't, for she had written it down when she was quite alone yesterday, and then torn it up into very small bits, and lighted a match, and burned the bits, lest any one should try to put them together again. Besides, Maggie had called her "Mrs. Egerton" the moment the ceremony was over; so she couldn't have forgotten it. "No; I shan't put it in: I don't like it;" which was another fib, for she did.

"Better than Brownlow, ever so much."

"Brownlow is a very good name," she remarked decidedly.

"Come, put it in, darling: Nellie Egerton will look so pretty."

"I don't like to. I don't *much* think it is pretty."

"I am sure it is, and very romantic too."

"Do you think it is romantic?" she asked doubtfully.

"Why, I should think so. Makes one think of a three-volumed novel!"

"I'll see how it looks, then," she said; and she wrote it. "Let me see I have spelt it properly. O yes; that's lucky."

"Won't old Brownlow swear!" said Bertie, "that's all."

He did swear, too; and they all stormed, and sent indignant letters, and did all sorts of things; but they came round in the end.

Old Brownlow insisted on seeing the letter, and when he did, raved at the passage concerning his personal appearance.

"Scandalous!" he exclaimed.

"And such shameful stories!" said Clara, looking up in his face horrified. Whereupon old Brownlow thought what a sensible girl she was; much better than Nellie, and prettier too.

"Perhaps he will come round to Clara," thought politic Mrs. Vince. He did in the end; and so she came in for the diamond ring which Nellie left behind on her dressing-table, stuck on an absurd ring-stand, made out of a spray of mock-coral.

More About California.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Trip to the Snow Regions.

GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, }
May 25, 1870. }

My last mountain trip was to Eureka, a mining town, 80 miles above here, in a northeasterly direction, and it will always be cherished by me as the crowning gem of my mountain drives. It was May 11, the day the school children of Grass Valley and Nevada met half-way between the two places for a picnic jollification. We met wagon loads of the merry-faced little ones, but I had no cause to envy them their joyous anticipations, for being bound for lofty heights and thrilling scenes, my holiday would, I knew, be far more glorious than theirs.

Nevada City, with its "Sugar Loaf" and other peaks, was soon left behind us, and we proceeded onward to the Yuba pass. From an abrupt curve in the road, where we had paused before one hot, dusty day last summer, we gained a magnificent view of the grand canon, while through a gulch 1,500 feet below us the yellow-watered Yuba rushed madly along as though bent upon breaking from its rocky confines. A steep road, winding in curves down the side of the mountain from whose elevation we had gazed, carried us to the bridge by which we crossed the river. Upon its own level the Yuba discovers itself to be a stream of some hundred feet in width, instead of the slender thread it appears from above. From here was an ascent of miles over a road more abrupt and steep than anything my Eastern readers can conceive of, a road barely wide enough for two vehicles to pass, overlooking terrible precipices down into gulches often 2,000 feet below, so that many times we gazed down upon the blue ether as well as up.

Oh, will I ever again see ought to compare with the mighty splendor that fills my soul amidst these grand old Sierras! All individuality, all vain murmurings regarding self seem crushed out by the awe-inspiring, terrific immensity by which we are surrounded. Our joys and griefs of earth, our heart throbs of pleasure and agony seem alike paltry and small, and all that there is within us of the nature of Divinity must rise up in yearning to the Infinite, the Unknown!

At Lake City, fifteen miles from home, we stopped to lunch. This place owes its name to "what might have been," that is it was presumed that the influence of the canal companies would tend one day to make it an important place. That day has not come yet, and Lake City at present can only boast of about a dozen frame houses, together with two hotels for the accommodation of teamsters—while even the lake is not much better than a mud-puddle most of the year round. All along our route we obtained frequent glimpses of hydraulic mining claims; not far from Lake City was the mining town of Humbug, just beyond Alpha and Omega. California can certainly boast of some curious names.

Beyond we passed the Magenta Aqueduct. This is an elevated flume, supported by tall posts hewn from neighboring trees, and is 1,400 feet in length with 120 feet for its greatest height. It is built in graceful curves, so as to withstand the winds that sweep through the gap it crosses, and presents a most imposing spectacle. Deliciously clear water foamed through artificial ditches at numerous points on our route, travelling from mountain reservoirs for mining use at lower altitudes. I found it not a little refreshing to see abundance of water once more which had not yet become turbid through gold washing.

There is quite an extensive lumber business carried on upon the road. I saw many a grand old pine that had fallen a victim and met with its downfall. The trees upon this route are very tall, though hardly equal to some I have encountered elsewhere. On the drive to Quaker Hill for example, many trees were pointed out to me ranging from 200 to 275 feet in height. The 100 and 150 feet monsters almost seem unimportant in comparison. In driving amongst the pines I have often been interested in a yellow moss that grows very abundantly about the trunks. It is a curious fact that this appears only in quantities upon the north side of the tree, thus furnishing a sure guide to the mountaineer.

There is one region in this vicinity called "God's Country." How or why any one point could have obtained this cognomen one can scarcely fancy, the whole vast country hereabouts seems so entirely God's very own. Probably the entire grand majesty of the sublime surroundings first burst upon some traveller at this place. For marvellous majesty there is all around, far as the eye can reach; the higher we ascend the more bewildering becomes the truly awful sublimity of the scene. Downieville Buttes is a conspicuous object from every mountain road hereabouts; but hitherto I had viewed it from vast distances, now it loomed up majestically before us, seeming startlingly near. At some curves in the road, indeed, it seemed as though, could we only span the gaps from peak to peak, we could reach the snow-crested "buttes" in a brief space of time, yet they were still, even were this bee line possible, many miles distant. The surrounding mountains are varied in aspect. Here a group of bald peaks, where timber has never grown, and whose volcanic soil will support nothing farther than perhaps some stunted *chapparal*, there a group with forest-crowned summits and forest-covered sides, diversified by occasional barren sweeps, looking as though the fertility that should have existed there had been blown away by whirlwinds.

Eureka is situated on the summit of the divide between the South and Middle Yuba, and was first settled in 1850. Its name betokens what success the prospector once met here—for it was gold, of course, that was here found. The shallow surface claims, whose rich yield first attracted miners to Eureka, are mostly exhausted, and it is now quartz mining that is chiefly prosecuted there.

There was not much snow at Eureka this winter, the people told me, not more than five feet upon the ground at a time. That seemed a pretty deep fall to me, yet dwindled to a mere nothing when I learned that the usual fall is about twelve feet. The people cut steps in the snow in front of their houses, and travel around on snow-shoes. By means of these they attain very rapid locomotion, and can journey miles without fatigue. Let me here note that up amongst the summit ranges snow falls to a depth of from thirty to fifty feet, and is often drifted into banks a hundred feet deep.

Snow was still remaining on the ground a short distance above the town; we drove up amongst it until impassable. How strange it seemed! We had left Grass Valley in the morning in almost summer-like heat, and now before night we were in the midst of winter. We long paused to admire the dazzling splendor, illumined as it was by the rays of the setting sun, then we turned back to pass the night at Eureka. Early next morning we set forth, exhilarated by the bracing mountain air, upon our homeward route. And this draws me to the *finale*, to-morrow I leave for Colfax to take the overland cars for home in the Eastern States. So I shall come down from these grand heights, from my peaceful mountain home, to the turmoil of the world once more.

AUBER FORESTIER.

Woman's True Place.

If I do not at least say that whatever else there may to lure or demand her, woman's true place, first and last, must be her home, I shall be untrue to my one standing great conviction. Women must make more of their homes, and make them more to those who belong within them. In this day of outward excitement and many outer attractions, the old and sacred integrity of home is endangered. The homes of to-day are not as dear as those of a past generation. Great change has come over our people. Amusements multiply and press. Young people have taken out a license against their parents. Parents are getting rather afraid of their boys and girls. Home isn't the little nucleus radiating joy to each, each shedding back joy on it. It is a convenient place to have, and the father is the banker, and the mother is the mistress of the laundry-women and cooks, but the home is gone. "It is only a part of the outer world which you have rooted over and lighted a fire in, which you make dark with your frown and uncomfortable by your whim. Once it was, what it must be again, the heart's holy of holies; once no man could desecrate it by deserting it; once all good impulses sprung hence and all true character grew; once the hearth at which father and mother sat was holy and dear, and if the generations are to get back old stability of character and firmness of principle, and the old, undefiled religion, it must be through these homes, of which you, O women, are priestesses. It must be by your garnishing them again with forgotten graces—resuscitating fires apparently dead, and sanctifying anew the place in which a human soul can surely be fitted for the work and warfare of life. Heaven help us if this desecration of the home gets into another generation!"—*J. F. W. Ware.*

☞ A convalescent invalid, Mr. B——, brought a suit lately against his doctor, and alleged that the said Esculapius had persisted in calling on him personally after he was cured, which fees he now refused to pay. Dr. F—— denied the fact, and called in a nurse who attended the invalid, to prove it. "Is it true," asked the Court, "that Dr. F—— continued his visits when Mr. B—— had no necessity for them?" "Upon my word, sir," answered the witness, "as long as I saw the doctor with Mr. B—— I thought he was in considerable danger," which naive opinion caused the Court to burst into a fit of laughter.

☞ The Cornhill Magazine says of the Duke of Wellington, that no man who can fairly be called great, ever had a narrow escape from stupidity.

☞ Smollet tells an anecdote of a half-crazy free-thinker of his day, who, chancing in Rome, stopped one day before a bust of Jupiter, and, bowing low, thus addressed the dethroned idol: "Sir, if you should ever get your head above water again, I hope you will remember that I treated you politely in your adversity."

☞ In the winter of 1830-'31, General Thomas Armstrong was a Jackson Senator from the seventh district of New York, and for a time a boarder at the Columbian Hotel, Albany, which he left, and removed to the Eagle. A friend inquired the reason of this change. "Oh, I couldn't stand it down there," was the reply, "too much anti-Masonry." "Why, how do you mean that?" pursued the querist; "here are Granger, and Seward, and several others." "Oh, yes," testily replied the general, "but *those fellows down there actually believe in it.*"

☞ Several years ago, Broadway, New York, was regularly patrolled by a beggar who asked alms of no other passers by except old ladies. To these he addressed himself thus: "Oh, *young* lady! have pity on a poor beggar." He was singularly successful in his appeals. In reply to an inquiry he explained his success thus: "You see, sir, my plea pleases all the ladies. Some of 'em believe me, and are pleased by the compliment. Others see it's all sham, and they are tickled by the joke! so you see I get something from all of 'em."

☞ What is the highest duty of a man in life, so far as he himself is concerned? What but the ennobling, enriching, extending, purifying of the mind—the strengthening, supplying, and enlarging of the faculties by all high and delicate modes of exercise—the filling of this mortal chamber and its labyrinths and storehouses with conceptions, recollections, desires, and imaginations of the greatest truth, splendor, piety, and power? so that at the end of life it may be said, "The soul that God gave this man to lead his earthly life with—nay, to constitute his earthly life, this man did not neglect; he was duly sedulous of the all-important charge; he did his best to build his soul into a palace!

☞ By the report of a police case at Marlborough street, London, it appears that a husband, brutally ill-using his wife, endeavored to strangle her. While, however, she lay thus, a favorite cat, named "Topsy," suddenly sprung upon the man, and fastened her claws and teeth in his face. He could not tear the cat away, and was obliged to implore the woman he had been ill-using, to take the cat away from him to save his life.

☞ A short time ago, in Contra Costa County, California, a husband deeded property to his wife, naming for consideration "love and affection." The same day the wife applied for a divorce.

☞ At a mine in the Hartz Mountains it was found necessary to connect two tunnels sixty-five feet apart. To accurately effect the junction a compass was set in one gallery and a loadstone weighing 200 pounds in the other. The influence of the magnet over the compass through the solid rock was complete, and a perfect preclusion of results secured. It is expected that the same means will be used as the two branches of the Mount Cenis tunnel approach each other.

☞ The greatest obstacle to being heroic, is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove one's self a fool; the truest heroism is to resist the doubt; and the profoundest wisdom to know when it ought to be resisted, and when to be obeyed.

Journalistic Experiences.

I am a little at a loss (I used to be great at a loss when I played poker, and therefore abandoned the game years and years ago,) to know what to write about. I have a conscience—a patent, metropolitan, journalistic conscience—and therefore dare not write anything that is not strictly true. I was not always thus careful; but a year or two ago I had an awful warning, and since then have never let my mind lead me into exaggeration. It happened in this way. I was an associate editor on the staff of one of our New York papers, and there one day came a necessity for me to write a paragraph of about a stickful in length, in a little less than no time at all. The weather being intensely cold my mental faculties were active only in the direction of forcible denunciation of the climate. My mind thus running on the subject of cold weather I wrote a few lines stating that the Gulf Stream had retired from the coast, and there was every reason to believe that in two years at farthest, New York would be considerably colder than Greenland.

Mark what followed, and doubt, if you can, the influence of the press. The paragraph was gravely copied all over the country, and in about three weeks afterward two sea captains came into port and announced that they had found the Gulf Stream nearly two hundred miles to the eastward of its usual course.

The confounded current had actually taken me at my word, and had really changed its course. I repented bitterly at my rashness, and began to look forward to the cheerful prospect of freezing to death amid the curses of my congealing friends, when some other fellow came out in another paper with the statement that the Gulf Stream had approached nearer than ever to our shores, and that henceforth our climate was to become tropical in point of heat. I don't believe he had any more authority for his statement than I had for mine, but somehow more sea captains opportunely came into port and confirmed his statement. Since then the climate has remained just as it always has been—but I have never dared to allude to the Gulf Stream from that day to this, and have, moreover, registered a vow never to write anything that is not strictly true.

I remember how forcibly this fact was brought to my knowledge some fifteen years ago. I was then in charge of the San Jose Star, a California paper, which, by the way, was the first paper of which I ever had the management. It was owned by a political chap, who devoted his chief energies to the management of a faro bank, and left me to elevate the tone of California society through the columns of his paper. I had instructions to pitch into everything of an immoral character except gambling, and to advocate the Democratic ticket through thick and thin. Every few days my proprietor used to tell me to puff Smith or Jones, or to give Brown or Robinson a vivid realization of the peculiarly distinguishing features of the infernal regions. Of course, I obeyed orders and kept my editorial position. In those days you could be reasonably certain that every man in California deserved to be abused, and that if any one was praised everybody else would know that it was barefaced nonsense, and would fail to be misled by it. I therefore felt that I was morally right in following my proprietor's instructions, especially as he paid me a very reasonable salary.

Well, everything went on smoothly. I kept a couple of old miners in the outer office, who shot all the dangerous visitors that dropped in to avenge their personal wrongs on the editor; and though I frequently found one or two bodies lying about the office when I came out of my sanctum, nothing unpleasant ever happened to mar the peaceful serenity of my daily life. So prosperous did the future seem to me that I began to seriously contemplate matrimony, and, as a preliminary process, walked deeply into love with the daughter of a Methodist clergyman, who was temporarily stationed at San Francisco.

One Monday morning my proprietor came into my office in a purple state of indignation. "Look hyar," said he, "a case of a preacher has been abusin' my establishment, and I want you to go for him. Just you give him particular Hades (we'll say.) Tell him he's another, you know; and swear he's done more lyin' 'n stealin' 'n general cussedness, than any man in Frisco. You know how to do it."

I inquired who the unhappy man was, but the proprietor couldn't tell me his name. Beyond the fact that he was a Baptist he knew nothing of him, but he told me to write the article and leave a blank for the clergyman's name, and he would insert it in time for the next day's paper if I would send the proof-sheet to him. Well, I wrote the savagest kind of an attack, and, after reading the proof, sent it to my proprietor's saloon with the request that he would insert the name and send it up to the foreman. He did so; and to my unutterable horror I found next day, when I took up my paper, that I had been abusing my prospective father-in-law.

You see my proprietor was not very strong in theology, and did not know the difference between a Methodist and a Baptist. It never occured to me that the Baptist chap whom I was ordered to abuse could be the Methodist father of my beloved; and I leave you to imagine my feelings when I read the article with the Rev. James Simkins's name at the head of it.

There would not have been the slightest use of making an explanation. The thing would not admit of any. I therefore wrote a leader, stating that the paper had changed hands and abusing my faro-playing proprietor in the bitterest terms. I stayed long enough to make sure that the article would appear in the next number, and then left at midnight by the overland route for the East. I have since learned that my proprietor, armed with a whole arsenal of revolvers, pursued me as far as Salt Lake City; but he did not overtake me. I flatter myself that I convinced him that personalities are unworthy of respectable journalism.

☞ An Oneida editor has taken his office-boy into partnership—giving his reason that "Stephen has been to work for us all the winter and wants his pay, and we thought after he had been a proprietor a short time he would understand that paying help was not so easy."

☞ Cool women are often very attractive. Faraday showed why this is. He proved that magnetic power increased with reduction of temperature.

☞ A contemporary has a discerning criticism of "Tennyson's last work on Holy Grael."

Louis Napoleon.

Notwithstanding the pageants and splendor, the tastes and habits of Napoleon III. are simple and plain. There is probably no European potentate so little fond of ceremony and ostentation, none more easy or unaffected, nay, almost familiar in his manner. Among the wonderful, and to any one who knows anything of the real life at the Tuileries, incomprehensible stories afloat in the world, the story that Napoleon III. is silent, mysterious, and cautious in his daily intercourse with people about him, is not the least surprising. He is neither a silent nor a haughty man. He talks as much and as freely as any one; his manner is gentle, quiet, undemonstrative, kindly, complaisant—the manner of a thorough man of the world, who understands how to "take people," who is a shrewd judge of character, but who dearly likes to throw off the cares of royalty and the perplexities of politics, to sit down with a friend, to roll up a cigarette, and to have a long, pleasant, unrestrained chat. He is not—we speak by the card—a perpetual inquisitor, always trying to find out what other people are thinking and projecting, and keeping a sphynx-like bridle on his own tongue. The truth is almost the exact contrary of this. Many times Napoleon III. has said imprudent, rash things. On more than one occasion his want of caution has injured his government. Minister Rouher had once to explain away his words in the Chamber, and afterwards went to the palace, and delicately hinted to the Emperor that he must hold a stricter watch over his speech. There is a little group of gentlemen who are almost always at the palace, the Emperor's chosen familiars; among them are General Fleury, Marshal Vaillant, and Prince Metternich. It is with these friends that he spends his happiest hours, sometimes playing cards or billiards, but more often talking and smoking. Although the imperial table is supplied with the richest luxuries, Napoleon III. is abstemious and cautious, silent at table, and a moderate drinker, old Bordeaux being his favorite wine. He is, however, as is well known, a very great smoker, often puffing a cigarette when riding out, and smoking many cigarettes in succession after each meal. The Emperor's kind and considerate manners to every member of his household, however humble his or her position, is often remarked by the habitues of the palace. Serious considerations of health enter into all his habits and actions; his physicians have long enjoined abstemiousness and careful diet upon him, and he keenly appreciates the importance of having a due care over his health until the Prince Imperial arrives at manhood. He takes physical exercise at set hours, and on every pleasant afternoon may be seen walking up and down the shady side of the Tuileries garden, leaning upon the arm of an *aide*, and smoking the inevitable cigarette. When the weather is bad, he promenades up and down the long corridor on the first floor of the private end of the palace. He is very fond, too, of reading, especially the current literature of the day—not only the French, but the English and German also. It is well known at Paris that Napoleon sedulously reads the Times, and devours all the editorials in the London papers on French affairs. He is very curious, too, to read the "irreconcilable" Paris papers, and to discuss their sayings with his friends. Early in the spring, Napoleon, with such of his court as he chooses to invite—usually a limited number of select friends—resorts to one of those rural chateaux which are now so numerous, devoted to the use of French royalty. These sojourning places of the court are changed several times in the year. The spring, summer, and autumn months are spent at the famous hunting-park of Compiegne, at the beautiful suburban palace of St. Cloud, at the springs of Vichy, and at the seaside near Barritz. The change from the Tuileries to these is very grateful to the harrassed and wearied ruler. Here he finds himself relieved, to a degree, from the perplexities and ceremony of public life; here he may exercise without stint, enjoy favorite pastimes, and observe from a distance the March of events. It was in one of his rural retreats that he found leisure and inspiration to write the "Life of Cæsar." Compiegne is, however, devoted to fashion and pleasure of a public kind; it is thither that the great world of the court follows him, and Compiegne is as lively in summer as the Tuileries in winter. St. Cloud is the Emperor's residence when he wishes at once to be free from the turmoil of the Tuileries, and to be near at hand to perform his public duties. Vichy and Biarritz are his hospitals.

☞ "Leave you, my friend," said a tipsy fellow, clinging to a lamp-post on a dark night; "leave you in a condition not to take care of yourself? Hic, never!"

☞ There are seventeen grandchildren to be provided for by the British Crown. By prudent matrimonial alliances, it is hoped to give them half a crown apiece.

☞ Public spirit is defined by the Boston Transcript, as a "readiness to do anything which is likely to prove lucrative."

☞ A celebrated physician says that it is cake that ruins the teeth and not candy, as is generally supposed.

☞ It was a Maine man who remarked, after hearing Anna Dickinson, "Wal, neow, there ain't nuthin' very *coarsin'* about her, is they?"

☞ Josh Billings says:—"The mewl is a larger bird than the ruse or turkey. It has two legs to walk with, and two more to kick with, and it wares its wings on the side of its hed."

☞ GENUINE PORT WINE.—Cider, 14 oz; alcohol, 3 oz.; strong decoction of logwood, 4 oz.; alum, 40 grains; cream of tartar, 30 grains; white sugar, 1½ oz. This being a *native* wine, is largely patronized in America. By all means make it for yourself. It will be much cheaper than to buy it, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that it is unadulterated.

☞ The Cincinnati Gazette says: "A beautiful custom has recently sprung up among the infants of this metropolis of plunging headlong from the windows in the upper stories of the parental domiciles into the streets."

☞ The strawberry short cake one sees at the eating-houses suggests the thought that this popular cake receives its name from the fact that it is always short o' strawberries.

☞ It is announced that the Queen of England will give a prize of £40 for the best fan, painted or carved, by a lady under twenty-five years of age; the competition being open to female artists of all nations. The fan must be ready for the exhibition of 1871.

McFadden's Master Stroke.

Samuel McFadden was a watchman in a bank. He was poor, but honest, and his life was without reproach. The trouble with him was, that he felt he was not appreciated. His salary was only four dollars a week, and when he asked to have it raised, the president and the cashier, and the board of directors glared at him through their spectacles, and frowned on him, and told him to go out and stop his insolence, when he knew business was dull and the bank could not meet its expenses now, let alone recklessly lavishing one dollar a week more upon such a miserable worm as Samuel McFadden. And then Samuel McFadden felt depressed and sad, and the haughty scorn of the president and cashier cut him to the soul. He would often go out in the shipyard and bow his venerable twenty-four-inch head, and weep gallons and gallons of tears over his insignificance, and pray that he might be made worthy of the cashier's and the president's polite attention.

One night a happy thought struck him; a gleam of light burst upon his soul, and gazing down the dim vista of years, with his eyes all blinded with the mist of joyous tears, he saw himself rich, honored and respected. So Samuel McFadden fooled around and got a jimmy, and a monkey-wrench, and a cross-cut saw, and a cold chisel, and a drill, and about half a ton of gunpowder and nitro-glycerine, and all those things. Then in the dead of the night he went to the fire-proof safe, and after working at it awhile, burst the door and brickwork into immortal smash with such perfect success that there was not enough of the safe left to make a carpet tack. Mr. McFadden then proceeded to load up with coupons and greenbacks, and currency and specie, and to nail all the odd change that was laying around anywhere, so that he pranced out of the bank with one million dollars on him. He then retired to an unassuming residence out of town, and sent word to the detectives where he was.

It was all serene and beautiful for Samuel McFadden now. He felt that it was all right at last, and that the dark night of sorrow had passed, and the bright rays of the sun of prosperity at last illuminated his path. A detective called on him the next day with a soothing note from the cashier. McFadden treated it with lofty scorn. Detectives called on him every day with humble notes from the president, and the cashier, and the board of directors, and clerks, and stockholders. At last the bank officers got up a magnificent and private supper, to which Mr. McFadden was invited. He came, and, as the bank officers bowed down in the dust before him, he pondered over the bitter, bitter past, and his soul was filled with wild exultation. (It seems to me that the last sentence is symmetrical and poetic! It strikes *me* so, anyhow.) Before he drove away in his carriage that night, it was all fixed that Mr. McFadden was to keep half a million of that money, and to be unmolested if he returned the other half. He fulfilled his contract like an honest man; but refused with haughty disdain the offer of the cashier to marry his (McFadden's) daughter.

Mac is now honored and respected. He moves in the best society; he browses around in purple and fine linen and other good clothes, and enjoys himself first-rate. And often now he takes his infant son upon his knee and tells him of his early life, and instils holy precepts into the child's mind, and shows him how, by economy, and perseverance, and frugality, and nitro-glycerine, and monkey-wrenches, and enterprise, and cross-cut saws, and familiarity with the detective system, even the poorest may rise to affluence and respectability.

A Romantic Story.

The Figaro relates the following romantic story:—The Prince of Schleswig-Holstein, on his return from a scientific voyage which had lasted for several years, found his library in a state of great disorder. He asked his steward to recommend some one who could rearrange it, and the latter replied that the only person he was acquainted with was a young lady who acted as companion to his wife. This young person, Mlle. Carmelita Eisenblatt, is the daughter of a merchant at Calcutta, who was formerly in wealthy circumstances, but on his meeting with a reverse of fortune the children were obliged to earn their own living, and the young lady in question had even appeared on the stage.

She accepted the proposals made to her, and on her entering upon her duties the Prince found her so well educated and so intelligent that he was charmed, and at last made her an offer of marriage. The union is to take place in a few days, and the bridegroom has applied to the King of Prussia for permission to lay aside his princely rank and assume the title of Count de Boer, so that the marriage shall not be a morganatic one.

☞ The majority for Emery, Reform candidate for Mayor in Washington, is 3,314, in a total vote of 16,978. The Emery men have a large majority in Common Council while the Aldermen are equally divided.

☞ A non-resident Methodist clergyman, who was recently expelled for being intoxicated in Troy, explains that he had long been dissatisfied with that Church and its doctrines, and having unsuccessfully endeavored to sever his connection with its ministry, determined to get drunk and thus compel the Church to discharge him. This original idea he carried out with remarkable success, at least as far as the drinking and expulsion part was concerned.

☞ Suncook now claims the largest cotton mill in New England, the Union Mills, upon either of whose floors a regiment of infantry or of cavalry could parade and manœuvre.

☞ At Galesburg, Ill., a female school teacher whipped a little boy, 8 years old, severely, and then compelled him to stoop over, resting his forefinger on the floor for half an hour. The result was, the child was rendered insane.

☞ The late Rev. Dr. Bethune once entered the crowded cabin of a Brooklyn ferry-boat, and, while looking about for a seat, suddenly heard himself addressed by name. Turning round, he found a man standing, who said: "Doctor, take my seat; it is an honor to give such a man a seat. Ever since I heard of that big church in New York trying to get you away by giving a call of five thousand dollars, and you said you'd see 'em d—d first, I have had a great respect for you, and I think it an honor to give you a seat!"

☞ A Terre Haute girl perpetrates the following excruciating bit of poetry:—

"Since of your love I was bereft,
I've lost some ninety pounds in heft,
And now have scarcely ninety left—
How could you be so cruel, John?"

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE RESULTS OF BAD COOKING.—If good living contributes to long life, as beyond all doubt it does, have we not in the converse of the proposition a key unlocking the secret of the low average of human life in the United States? We are below Great Britain, France, Spain, Portugal, Prussia, Austria, and Italy in the average age of our people; is it not because we live upon worse food, violate more laws of hygiene, and suffer intemer penalties than they? God sends us meat, and the devil sends us cooks. Out of our large cities, what hotel-keeper ever prepares himself by education or training for his business? Throughout our farm-houses, who knows the secret of good bread or light pastry, of a perfectly boiled potato, or of a joint of meat done to a turn?—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

FIRST AND LAST.

Just come from heaven, how bright and fair
The soft locks of the baby's hair!
As if the unseen gates still shed
The shining halo round his head.

Just entering heaven, what sacred snows
Upon the old man's brow repose!
For there the opening gates have thrown
The glory from the great white throne.
—*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

☞ There exist two hundred forms of religious faith under the government of Great Britain. When the inhabitants of India are considered, more than half the subjects of Queen Victoria are polygamists.

☞ Chicago theatre audiences are judged from a moral point of view by the number that go out between the acts to see a man. On a recent occasion, at the principal theatre, the whole audience, except two men, went out to drink. On investigation it was found that, of these two, one was already drunk, and the other had an unsettled account at the bar, and dare not go.

☞ A good, pious old man in the neighborhood of Elmira, N. Y., plugged all his maple trees on Saturday to prevent the sap from running on Sunday.

☞ Among the passengers who recently sailed from New York for Europe are "Rose and Blanche," twin daughters of the late Nathaniel Niles, and known to the reading world as the heroine of Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew." Miss Lizzie Niles goes to Paris to be married to M. Cerruti, the late Italian Minister at Washington. By the recent death of Mr. Niles the two daughters came into possession of the casket of diamonds, of which a thrilling history is given in that novel. It was presented to their mother by the Empress Josephine, and is worth $40,000, though the novelist magnified it to $3,000,000.

☞ The Galesburg (Ill.) Free Press thus grapples the great question of finances:—"Pay up! If you owe but a single dollar, go and pay it; when there is so little money we ought to keep it moving around lively. Jim owed us, and we owed Bill, and the said Bill owed the said Jim. Jim got mad, because we made him pay one day last week; but we paid Bill, and Bill paid Jim, and Jim went to bed that night as happy as a clam at high water, with just as much money as he had in the morning."

☞ An Indianapolis woman recently gave birth to a child during her husband's absence, and just before his return "the neighbors" borrowed two other babies and placed them in bed with the little stranger. When the father asked to see the child the coverlid was turned down, and although he must have been immensely surprised, he coolly turned to his wife and asked, "Did any get away?"

☞ When Dr. Bowditch was accustomed to go to sea, he taught navigation to the sailors, and of one crew instructed by him, every man afterwards rose to be captain.

☞ "Whenever," said Madame de Stael, "I see Mr. S., I feel the same pleasure that I receive from looking at a fond couple; he and his self-love live so happily together."

☞ CARRIER PIGEONS.—A Mr. Wright, of Lewiston, Me., has some carrier pigeons. He sent one lately to a friend in Portland with a request to loose it at one o'clock the same day. It was done as desired, and in thirty-eight minutes the dove folded its wings on Mr. W.'s door-step. The distance is about thirty miles. When loosed there he flew spirally upwards, took his bearings, and bended at once for home.

☞ A contemporary publishes a letter, in which the writer says he has been placed in the trying dilemma of having to choose between a barrel of apples for his family and a subscription for a newspaper. He adds that he finally concluded to subscribe for the paper, and "trusted Providence for the apples." A sensible man that.

☞ A Frenchman says that he thinks the great fault of American women is that they talk too loud in public. That's so.

☞ Said a distinguished politician to his son:—"Look at me! I began as an alderman, and here I am at the top of the tree; and what is my reward? Why, when I die my son will be the greatest rascal in the United States." To this the young hopeful replied: "Yes, dad, when you die, but not till then."

☞ The Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, of Virginia, has turned editor. On which the Louisville Courier remarks, "another good man gone."

☞ The last year that Davy Crocket was in Congress, a political jollification was held, professedly in honor of the birthday of Jefferson. Davy met several of the company going home from the festival, and thus graphically described their condition:—"They were so drunk, that I'll be hung if either of them *could hit the ground with his hat in three times throwing.*"

☞ In a time of much religious excitement, and consequent discussion, an honest Dutch farmer on the Mohawk, was asked his opinion as to which denomination of Christians were on the right way to Heaven. "Vell, den," said he, "ven we ride our wheat to Albany, some say dish road is the best and some dat; but it don't make much difference which road we take, for when we get dere dey never ask vich way we come—and it's none of dare pisiness—*if our wheat is good!*"

☞ The bark of a dog can be heard at the distance of eighteen hundred yards: the voice of a man at a thousand yards, and the croak of a frog at nine hundred.

☞ The mayor of an enterprising Western city profoundly remarks to his fellow-citizens that "Water is a useful element in case of fire."

TO PHYSICIANS.

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Buchu, as prepared by Druggists, is of a dark color. It is a plant that emits its fragrance; the action of a flame destroys this (its active principle), leaving a dark and glutinous decoction. Mine is the color of ingredients. The Buchu in my preparation predominates; the smallest quantity of the other ingredients are added, to prevent fermentation; upon inspection it will be found not to be a Tincture, as made in Pharmacopœia, nor is it a Syrup—and therefore can be used in cases where fever or inflammation exist. In this, you have the knowledge of the ingredients and the mode of preparation.

Hoping that you will favor it with a trial, and that upon inspection it will meet with your approbation,

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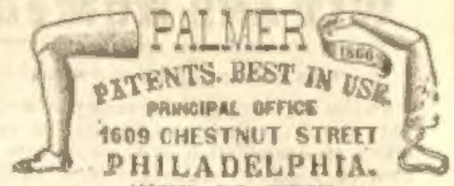

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WIT AND HUMOR.

The Last Spot on the Sun.

In the High School observatory, the other day, one of the professors thought he would make an examination of the spots on the sun, of which so much has been said recently. So he adjusted his telescope and applied his eye to the glass. He was amazed to perceive that there was an immense spot, covering a fourth or fifth of the entire surface of the sun. The professor sat down and calculated that it was billions on billions of miles long; and when he got his figures straight he telegraphed to the Washington observatory about it, sent a dispatch to Greenwich, and wrote a long article about "cavities," and "gasses," and "solar combustion," and the probability of the extinction of the orb of day. Then he went down and brought all the members of the Institute up, and got the High School boys around him, and delivered a lecture, and went tearing about as glad as if he had discoved a gold mine. The Institute fellows all said they couldn't see the spot through *their* telescope. But the professor said that this was because the Institute was further South, perhaps. "And the spot's *there*, isn't it?" asked the professor, triumphantly. This kind of thing had been going on for two or three days, when somebody accidentally discovered that a dastardly scoundrel had pasted a big piece of court-plaster over the large end of the telescope, and that was what the professor had been making all this fuss about! But perhaps the professor wasn't mad! Mad? Why, he just pranced around that High School with his pulse at 197 and gritting his teeth into bone-dust. Every few minutes a dispatch would come in from Washington, or Greenwich, or Paris, and asking how about that spot. And then the professor would groan, and tear his hair, and whip one of the small boys in the class till he couldn't stand. You never saw a man so sick of astronomy—so *awful* sick! Perhaps he will have Christian forgiveness for the boy who stuck that court-plaster!—and perhaps he won't macerate him with a club, and put some very unpleasant spots on that son!—*Exchange.*

Anecdote of Charles Kean.

Blackwood gives the following of the famous English actor:—

I remember an anecdote of a fellow-sufferer, and my memory helped me to some consolation. It was during one of Charles Kean's visits to the United States. He was entertained at dinner by one of the New York merchants. Opposite to him at the table there sat a gentleman, who continued to observe him with marked attention, and at last called on the host to present him to Mr. Kean. The introduction was duly made, and ratified by drinking wine together, when the stranger, with much impressiveness of manner, said:

"I saw you in Richard, last night."

Kean, feeling, not unnaturally, that a compliment was approaching, smiled blandly and bowed.

"Yes, sir, continued the other in a slow, almost judicial tone, "I have seen your father in Richard, and I have seen the last Mr. Cooke"—another pause, in which Charles Kean's triumph was gradually mounting higher and higher—

"Yes, sir; Cooke, sir, was better than your father, and your father, sir, a long way better than *you!*"

Confidential.

We hear a good story of a man who went to the frontier to see a friend. The family consisted of the husband, his wife and two grown sons. The good old lady was the only one of the family who did not take a little of the "O be joyful." Sitting by the fire a few minutes, the old man tipped him a wink, and the visitor followed him out. Stopping by a tree, he pulled out a long-necked bottle, remarking, "I have to keep it hid, for the boys might get to drinking, and the old woman would raise the deuce." They took a drink and returned to the fireside. Soon Tom, the elder son, asked the visitor out to see a colt, and taking him behind the barn, pulled out a flask, remarking, "I have to keep this hid, for the old man will get drunk, and the deuce is to pay," and they both took a drink and returned. Soon Bob stepped on the visitor's toes and walked off, the visitor following. As they reached the pig-pen, Bob drew out a good-sized bottle, remarking, "You know the old man and Tom will get drunk, and I have to hide this." The visitor concluded he could not stand it to drink confidentially with the whole family, and started for home.

A Family Suitor.

A very pretty Oakland girl, not over eighteen years of age, brought a suit for breach of promise against a young merchant, who had changed his mind and taken a richer bride.

The trial came on, and the girl's mother, a fat, red-faced old dame, was present in the bar, to give moral effect to the recital of her daughter's wrongs.

The council for the plaintiff, in summing up, descanted at length and with moving pathos upon "the enormity of the defendant's guilt in creeping into the bosom of this family" (here the old lady pinned her shawl closer,) "and deceiving and disappointing this fair girl!"

Here the venerable mother could contain herself no longer, but with gushing tears exclaimed—

"He deceived us all, gentlemen! Me and all the rest—me and all the rest!"

The effect was magical, but not just what the old lady expected.

A IRISHMAN'S ANSWER.—A lawyer built him an office in the form of a hexagon or six square. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of some Irishmen who were passing by. They made a full stop and viewed the building very critically. The lawyer, somewhat disgusted at their curiosity, raised the window, put his head out, and addressed them—

"What do you stand there for, like a pack of blockheads, gazing at my office? Do you take it for a church?"

"Faix," answered one of them, "I was thinking so, till I saw the divil poke his head out of the windy."

☞ An attendant upon the eight-hour convention gave as an excuse for not joining the league, that he had recently been unable to find eight hours' work to do.

☞ The weather telegraphs of Europe now predict the condition of the weather from England to Sicily for many hours beforehand, with perfect regularity and almost nerring certainty.

An Alligator was recently caught in the river Thames. The above shows what the English anglers must occasionally expect hereafter.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

[The following poem, which has gone the rounds of the press, both in this country and in Europe, was originally written expressly for OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR by Miss Mary L. Bolles (August Bell,) and appeared in 1866. It is passing in various forms, and generally without credit.]

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender—
Veining delicate and fibers tender—
Waving, when the wind crept down so low;
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in, by night, and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
Earth was young, and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature reveled in grand mysteries.
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees;
Only grew and waved its sweet, wild way—
No one came to note it, day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks, and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean,
Moved the plain, and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern, in soft, moist clay,
Covered it, and hid it safe away;
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh, the agony! oh, life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost.

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibers clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

Taking Cold.

The human frame was intended for activity—to run fast, and to run slow: but it must be managed. A locomotive can run very fast, but if stopped instantaneously when going at a high rate of speed, it is unjointed as badly as if it had had inflammatory rheumatism for seven years. A skilful engineer, however, tones down his speed gradually; and in this lies the whole secret of not taking cold. It is exposure, or carelessness, after exercise, that brings on colds. After walking, or running, or dancing, or any exercise that quickens the circulation, a little current of air from a window, a crevice, from an open door for a few minutes, just to cause a chill, is sure to produce cold. Merely stopping on the street in a current of air—as at a corner where the wind breaks or makes an angle—will do the job. Any sudden subsidence of active forces of the body in a temperature that chills will produce cold. The little common sense that is needed, and for the lack of exercise of which so much money is paid to doctors, is *preserve an equable temperature*, or, having exercised freely, recover the proper state gradually and without a chill. This is attained in a most simple and easy manner. After exercise, always seek rest in a sheltered place, where you will be warm, never being hasty to remove hat, gloves, or cape. Let perspiration subside before disrobing, if in-doors, and if out-doors, always keep gently moving until the usual condition is attained. —*Technologist.*

A SINGULAR COMPLIMENT.—John B. Gough tells the following story, though the joke be at his own expense. Once while on a lecturing tour through England, he was introduced to a village audience in these terms:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I 'ave the 'oner to hintroduce to you the distinguished lecturer, Mr, John B. Gough, who will haddress us on the subject of temperance. You know that temperance is thought to be rather a dry subject; but to-night as we listen to our friend the horator from hover the hocean, we may 'ope to 'ave the miracle of Samson repeated, and to be refreshed with water from the jawbone of a hass!"

Carbolic Acid.

The frequent mention of carbolic acid as a remedial and disinfecting agent, renders a description of its manufacture, properties and uses necessary to a better understanding of its value. We cannot better do this than by collating from an article upon the subject by Prof. J. Darby in a recent number of the American Grocer, in which he says:

"Carbolic acid is prepared by treating what was called the light oils (*benzines*) from the distillation of coal with dilute alkalis and carefully distilling the products which are heavier than water, the alkali being previously neutralized by muriatic acid. It is seldom found pure, it having more or less of cresylic acid in it, and often other closely related bodies. Carbolic acid is a solid at ordinary temperature, melting at 100 degrees Fahrenheit and soluble in twenty parts of water; is a powerful antiseptic and disinfectant, preventing putrefaction and fermentation. Its whole effect is due to its arresting change. It is simply a preservative. As an antiseptic, it prevents change in the materials. As a disinfectant, it accomplishes the result by the same means—that is, kills the spores, if malaria consists of such, or arrests chemical change if malaria is a putrescing material. Carbolic acid is a powerful poison. Every one has known that creosote is poisonous, and carbolic acid is only a new name for an old, well-known material, only less crude. Creosote will do all that is claimed for carbolic acid.

"It is an active poison, acting directly on the nervous system, and may cause death; indeed, death has ensued from its application to an aching tooth. In the Glasgow Royal Infirmary the records show that when dressings in amputations and compound fractures contained no carbolic acid, one case in four and a quarter died, with carbolic acid in the dressings, one in three died; showing that the use of carbolic acid was positively injurious. It coagulates the vital fluids of the body and of course stops vital action. In the hands of skillful physicians, carbolic acid is susceptible of important uses; but for family use it is no more appropriate than arsenic or corrosive sublimate.

"Its application, when not very much diluted, produces effects very similar to that of burns, blistering the skin and producing a sore that can be cured by the treatment that would cure a burn. It is offered the public in all forms, as soaps, washes, salves, and also as a medicine for various diseases, empirics taking advantage of its popularity to render it available for their profit. That it is for many purposes very useful, is not to be denied; but it is very evident that it should be used with caution and care. We have used these carbolic soaps upon our own hands and face, and carbolic acid for disinfecting purposes, and recommend it. Our article is not designed to deter any one from its use as a disinfecting agent, but to give people who use it the knowledge of its properties they ought to possess."

The Habit of Detraction.

Nothing is so easy to form, or so hard to overcome, as a habit, whether it be mental or mechanical—a habit of thought, or a habit of person. And of all, none is so easy and persistent, not to speak of mischievous and destructive, as the habit of detraction. It is such a temptation to get into the way of seeing the worst of every one, and turning up the seamy side of everything; and, ghoulish as is the satisfaction of fattening our own lean reputations on the destruction of another's, there is a selfish value in it also, as thereby we show forth ourselves so much the better by the force of contrast. For, all things being relative in this world, and nothing absolute, if we can but paint another's complexion of a full black, our own doubtful white seems snow-colored, and even our own dusky gray not so very far removed from white.

☞ *Nature* mentions a new contrivance for preventing people looking into a room, while light is not excluded. It consists of a number of glass rods arranged either vertically or horizontally, and secured together by appropriate frames, forming a series of cylindrical lenses which break up the light and throws it into every part of the room, thus producing a soft and diffused glow which is very beautiful and pleasant. The glass rods may be of any color, and by an arrangement of the colors very beautiful effects can be produced. The contrivance is the invention of Mr. Demuth.

AGRICULTURAL.

Growing the Cantaloupe.

There is no reason in the world why our farmers, and all who have a little ground to spare, should not have their crop of cantaloupes upon their own premises, with the other productions of the farm or garden. They are no more difficult to produce than some other crops regularly cultivated. Of course to raise good cantaloupes it will require attention somewhat different, but this should deprive none of the enjoyment of an annual supply of this most delicious fruit. We therefore print our own mode of cultivation.

For the cantaloupe, a sandy loam is always to be preferred; but any light, friable soil, with a southern exposure, free from prevailing moisture, will answer. The ground should be converted into a fine tilth—the hills should be dug out to the depth of ten or twelve inches, eighteen inches in diameter, which should be filled with one-third well-rotted short manure, one-third good sand (should the soil not possess any,) and one-third rich earth well-mixed. The hills should be from eight to twelve feet apart each way, as room may allow, and the seed say six to eight to a hill, should be planted over the whole hill an inch below the surface. When the sprouts are two inches high, give them a sprinkling of wood ashes, while the dew is on, or after watering them, and repeat three or four times during the two following weeks. This will drive away the insects. But should these fail, use *soapsuds*, and they will soon disappear. When they are six inches high remove all but two or three vines, according to the space between the rows. In removing the weeds from the beds, the vines should not be disturbed, as the rootlets which penetrate the earth from the vines, and which supply the principal nourishment to the fruit, will be destroyed. Nothing more is needed to yield an amount of this delicious melon that will astonish the uninitiated, and a quality *unequalled* by the best productions of Jersey. At least this is our experience. From ten to twenty hills are sufficient for a family.

Care, however, must be taken to procure *good seed*. All things considered, we regard the citron melon the best for Pennsylvania soil; but any *early* variety, among them the Persian, answers well.

It answers an admirable purpose, in protecting the young plants from the melon bug, to sow a few radish seed around the hill near to the plants, at the time of putting in the melon seed. We have preserved the young plants in this way, without the least injury from this destructive insect, which *prefers* the leaf of the radish to that of the melon, especially as it comes up first.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Farming.

For a man who is thoroughly in earnest farming offers a grand field for effort; but the man who is only half in earnest, who thinks that costly barns, imported stock and a nicely rolled lawn are the great objects of attainment, may accomplish pretty results, but they will be small ones. So the dilettante farmer, who has a smattering of science, whose head is filled with nostrums, who thinks his salts will do it all, who doses his crops now to feebleness and now to an unnatural exuberance, who dawdles over his fermentations while his neighbor's oxen are breaking into his rye field, who has no managing capacity, no breath of vision, who sends two men to accomplish the work of one—let such a man give up all hope of making farming a lucrative pursuit. But if a man, as we said, be thoroughly in earnest, if he have the sagacity to see all over the farm, to systematize his labor, to carry out his plans punctually and thoroughly; if he is not above economics, nor heedless to the teachings of science, nor unobservant of progress elsewhere, nor neglectful of such opportunities as were the Yale Agricultural Lectures—let him work, for he will have his reward. But even such an one will never come to his "four in hand," except they be colts of his own raising; or to private concerts in his own grounds, except what the birds make.—*D. G. Mitchel.*

Feeding Young Turkeys.

One may about as well feed young turkeys hot embers and brimstone, as coarse, uncooked Indian meal. And yet, thousands of people attempt to rear their turkey chicks on such unsuitable food as raw meal and water. For twenty-four hours after a chick has burst the shell, it does not want an atom of food. Colts, calves, and lambs, as soon as they spring into life, make an effort to obtain some nourishment from the natural source of supply. But chickens and young turkeys are nearly "stone-blind" for more than ten hours after they are hatched. To supply the necessities of such a little bundle of life, nature has so provided, that only a short time previous to the termination of the period of incubation, the breast and crop of the embryotic chick shall open, sufficiently by some clonic spasmodication, to allow the yolk to be drawn into the little crop. This fact shows us that young birds of every kind should be supplied with soft and delicate nourishment, such as boiled eggs, curds, thick mush made of equal parts of wheat meal, with sweet milk. Young chicks should never be confined to either of the foregoing kinds of food. They like a small quantity, many times daily.—*Working Farmer.*

Cure for Thrush.

A gentleman of Germantown has kindly favored us with the following receipt for the cure of Thrush, which he says has been very successful:

THRUSH PASTE.—Melt together ¼ pound tar and ¼ pound lard. When they are getting cool stir in ½ ounce each of alum, white vitriol, and blue vitriol, previously rubbed to a fine powder. Spread a little of the paste upon a pledget of tow and introduce it as neatly and deeply into the cleft of the frog as may be, the ends of the tow being carefully tucked in. Before applying the paste examine the frog and pare away all the ragged portions. The foot must be kept from moisture, and great cleanliness observed in the stable arrangements. Thrush of long standing will run into canker and incurable lameness.

Care of Harness.

It is very bad policy, for all but the saddler, to keep gears in or near the horse stable. Ammonia is very injurious to leather, especially when it contains a large amount of grease; hence, gears which are allowed to remain in the stable are always more or less injured by the ammonia which constantly arises from the manure; but this injury is in proportion to the amount of cleanliness which is observed in the stable. Of all kinds those in which horses or sheep are kept are most injurious, because of the volatile nature of the manure. If cow stables are kept clean, the injury to gears kept in them will be but slight. The best plan is to have a small dry room on purpose; such a room can, with a few boards and nails, soon be made, and the saving in the harness will soon repay the trouble.—*Irish Farmer's Gazette.*

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

I am composed of 94 letters.
My 8, 11, 26, 55, 20, 35, 45, 75, 94, is a state.
My 18, 86, 46, is a tropical fruit.
My 43, 28, 56, 4, 50, is useful on farms.
My 44, 58, is a conjunction.
My 32, 93, 76, 83, 15, is a lake in Africa.
My 49, 7, 12, 2, 39, 16, 30, 27, is a city in Ohio.
My 57, 6, 3, 14, 19, 61, 1, 41, 53, 64, 82, 13, 89, was a President.
My 74, 83, 9, 62, 85, 68, 34, 69, 31, is a wild animal.
My 51, 77, 67, 21, 52, 47, 48, is a city in Africa.
My 58, 79, 72, is an interjection.
My 84, 66, 59, 54, 73, 65, 40, 70, 25, 87, 80, is a city in Illinois.
My 90, 38, 22, 29, 23, 42, 36, is a man's name.
My 91, 88, 18, 72, is a musical instrument.
My 71, 60, 69, 81, 33, is a city in Delaware.
My 78, 63, 82, is a pronoun.
My whole is a beautiful verse in poetry.
Brownstown, Ind. PHILIP.

Metagram.

I am composed of three letters, and signify a receptacle.

Change my first and I am an attendant of the fourth of July.

Change it again and I belong to the inhabitants of the water.

Change it again and I often am the parent of madness and murder.

Change it again and I am your relation.

Change it again and I am much need by ladies.

Change it again and I become what all should pray to be kept from.

Change it again and I become a mineral.

Change it once more and I am what we all earnestly desire to do in whatever we undertake.

What am I? FELIX.

Problem.

There are 5 ladies and 5 gentlemen in a ball-room; in how many ways can they all take their places for a dance?

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☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Thomas said to William:—The product of three times the square of the years of your age is one more than twice the square of the years of my age. Can you tell by this how old each of us is? X.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is your backbone like a ghost? Ans.—Because you have never seen it.

☞ When is the wind like a certain fruit? When it is current.

☞ When is it like music? When it whistles.

☞ When is it like a baby? When it is squally.

☞ When like a fruit tree? When it blows.

☞ When like a person in deep grief? When it moans.

☞ When like a newspaper? When it puffs.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—"Take care of the dimes and the dollars will take care of themselves."
CHARADE.—Panacea. (Pan, A, Ce, A.)

RECEIPTS.

CLAM SOUP.—Wash fifty small sand-clams very clean; put them in an iron pot—set it in a hot place and cover it up. When they become hot, the clams open; then take them from the shells. Put the clams aside in a pan, and pour the juice into a stew-pan; let it simmer five minutes, strain it, and rub 2 tablespoonfuls butter and 1 flour, smoothly together; put the juice on to cook, and slowly add the flour and butter; stir it well together; add ½ teaspoonful salt, ½ nutmeg, and 1 pint cream or milk; stir this well, let it simmer 10 minutes, chop up parsley and add, then clams. One boil-up finishes, as clams require very little cooking. If you use the large clams they must be chopped.

MILK OR CREAM GRAVY.—One quart milk, 8 tablespoonfuls corn starch, made into a smooth batter with rich milk or cream. Boil the milk and pour in the batter, stirring all the while. Let it boil to or three minutes, remove from the fire, and stir in immediately a well-beaten egg. This dressing is used for baked potatoes.

WARMED-OVER POTATOES.—Chop cold, boiled potatoes, put them in a dripping-pan or earthen or stone baking dish. Pour over them a gravy, made after the above receipt, and let them bake slowly in the oven an hour or so. A delicious dish.

BEAN SOUP.—Pick over the beans in the morning. Soak them three hours in a large quantity of warm water on the back of the stove. Pour off this water and boil them in another until quite soft.

Strain through a colander and reduce to the right consistency with hot milk. About ten minutes before serving, break into the soup, baker's crackers or toasted bread. An excellent dish for variety.

ASPARAGUS OMELET.—Boil some tender, fresh-cut asparagus in very little water with a small portion of salt, or, what is better still, steam the asparagus without water until it is tender, chop it very fine, mix it with the yolks of five and whites of three well-beaten eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, fry and serve quite hot.

COCOANUT ROCK.—Three pound of loaf sugar, the meat of two cocoanuts, and the milk of one. Chop up the cocoanut very fine; boil the sugar alone first till it will crystallize on a plate; then add the nut and the milk, and boil till it hardens when dropped on a plate.

POWDER AFTER ABLUTIONS.—It should be be kept for this purpose in a fine gauze bag, with which the surface can be lightly tapped, or the swan's-down brush may be chosen. After thus depositing on the surface a thin film, all loose particles should be gently brushed away. An invisible stratum will then remain, protecting the skin from noxious influences.

TO CLEAN FLOOR-CLOTHS.—Sweep and clean the floor-cloths with a broom and damp flannel, in the usual manner; then wet them all over with milk, and rub them till bright with a dry cloth. They will thus look as well as if they were rubbed with a waxed flannel, without being so slippery, or so soon clogged with dust or dirt.